

The Constellation.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

VOLUME IV.

NEW-YORK, OCTOBER 6, 1832.

NUMBER 4.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY EVENING

At No. 16 Merchants' Exchange.

BY EUSTIS PRESCOTT & CO.

Terms.—Three Dollars a year, payable in advance. Four Dollars when sent out of the United States. No subscription received for less than six months, nor discontinued except at the yearly period and on payment of dues. Money may be sent at the risk of the Postoffice, or mailed in the presence of the Postmaster, and the description of bills, dated of exchange, delivered on his memorandum book.

Letters, unless paid post or enclosing a remittance from which the postage may be paid, will not be taken from the Post Office.

PRINTED BY GARYN & ROGERS.

THE CONSTELLATION.

JOURNAL OF A SAILOR.

NO. X.—HOSPITALITY.

The hospitality of the Chileno is different from any thing else in the world. We boast of our hospitality because no one need die of hunger in the highway—and fashion has instituted a kind of bastard hospitality among equals. But in Chili it is altogether another thing—you are frequently told by a gentleman, "My house is your home whenever you choose to make it such—my horses, my servants—in any every thing is at your command." This is not an unmeaning compliment, as in other parts of the world; it is all intended, and however awkwardly a stranger may feel in taking what is deemed elsewhere an unpardonable liberty, however explicitly tendered, we must learn to do it as a thing in course. A Chileno would consider a refusal not only as extremely impolite, but as an implied insult to himself. Capt. R— had at St. Jago de Chilo, a house furnished in the most sumptuous style, with all the attendants, retainers and equipage of a gentleman of the first rank. The owner of this mansion was in Lima, and said, on Capt. R's leaving there, "As you are going to St. Jago, remember that I have a ready furnished house there—it is yours."

It is not among the great and wealthy alone that this spirit prevails. It pervades the country, though perhaps in a less humble degree according to the capacity of the individual—go where you will, the stranger will find the seat of honor for his share. This enters into every day's manners—"Come and sit by me" will a Spanish lady say as you enter the room. Now this is only done with us among the most intimate friends; yet it is the perfection of hospitality and true politeness—and so far from seeming strange, after a short acquaintance you only consider it as a part of the code of politeness—nor is it less valued on that account, because we know it arises from a wish to please the guest. The Chileno is fond of receiving presents; but it is only for their intrinsic value—they are an evidence of friendship.

I will conclude this short letter, my dear friend, by giving you an account of an invite out, which will serve in some measure to illustrate their style of serving a dinner a la mode d'anglais.

I had many times been pressed to dine with the family of C—, and as frequently declined, apprehensive lest I should give offence by my inability to partake of such food as their unbounded hospitality I knew would spread before me. Whether they discovered this to be the true cause of my so often declining their kind invitations, I know not; but as I was about retiring one evening, I was again pressed to dine with them on Sunday, urging as a more particular reason for my doing so, that they were to have a roasted turkey for dinner. There was no getting over so goodly a prospect, and so I accepted. Behold me then on Sunday, seated at a low round table, not more than two and a half feet in diameter, covered with a clean cloth of the country manufacture, and furnished with six large silver forks, an equal number of huge tumblers of cold water, and a vessel containing a goodly quantity of clean white salt. Not a single knife or sharp edged tool was there to be seen—tools and madam might have set down to the table without alarming their friends lest they should cut themselves. Where, ejaculated I inwardly, is the pomp and circumstance of a like "ent and come again" in my dear land?—I should not forget to mention as the worst of all that there was no cranberry sauce or currant jelly to be seen.

Much as my bowels might have yearned for the goodly concomitants attending such a proud display as a roast turkey—much as I might have wished my-

self at Land's-end or Lizard-point, for having been persuaded to dine with them—yet all these feelings were incomparably insignificant to the all-absorbing question of who was to carve the bird, which now made its appearance, burned as black as ink, with his unconfined legs and wings duly pointing to the four cardinal points.

But my fears were all allayed, by the appearance of the good lady of the house, who with the greatest sang froid imaginable commenced tearing the turkey to pieces. The scene brought forcibly to my mind Hilson in the Sleep Walker, for my hostess like him suited the action to the word, and literally tore the bird "fish from limb." Thighs, wings, breast and side bones left their several locations in due season, and what with the *extremus* particles scattered over the table, told well for this amazon of a turkey dissector.

Little was eaten by the family, and less by your servant; it was quite a new affair, and did not take on its first appearance. But in this scene of havoc, politeness was not forgotten. Here, said a beautiful girl of seventeen to a slave who stood near her—here (biting the turkey's heart in twain and presenting the remainder on a fork) take this to Don H—y with my love. Would that she had taken the advice of Hamlet to his mother, and thrown away the part she offered me—it was as bitter as a *don*, or *slighted love*.

H. J. W.

FINE ARTS.

DEPARTURE OF THE ISRAELITES FROM EGYPT—painted by P. Roberts—engraved by J. P. Quilley. Wm. Colman, Broadway, has received the engraving on this splendid picture, which for conception and grouping may rank with the celebrated illustrations of Milton, by John Martin. The architecture is truly majestic, and is richly illustrated with all the grandeur of the Egyptian mystic sculpture. It is perhaps one of the most comprehensive pictures for character and design that we have seen for some time; and Mr. Quilley has been so successful in his accomplishment of this plate, that the engravings and reliefs actually appear to stand out from the paper.

WILKIE'S PICTURE OF THE PENNY WEDDING.—Peabody has just exhibited an engraving by James Stewart, of this celebrated effort of Sir David's pencil, and we are happy to record that the execution of this subject partakes largely of that talent in which Mr. Stewart so eminently excels. We doubt not but there are many actual portraits in the scene, particularly the old gentleman and the "guide lady" in the right hand corner. The bride is beautifully modest, (a grace particularly attaching to the Scottish fair), and the dancers in the centre have all the spirit of the "highland fling"—we could look at this picture till we fancied we heard the "tick" of the dancers. The subject is perhaps Sir David's best, as it admirably illustrates one of the many social customs of his native country.

Mr. Peabody has also Mitchell's engraving of A-FREE IN THE NEATHRO'S COTTAGE, from another picture by the same artist. Of this subject we have merely space to notice, that the rustic lover on the left hand is a portrait of Wilkie himself. F. D.

INFLUENCE OF THE PRESS.

The following admirable remarks on the power, and moral and political effects of the Press, were delivered by Ely Moore, Esq. at the anniversary celebration of the "New York Typographical Association."

"Before I set down, gentlemen, permit me to offer a few remarks relative to the influence, power, and importance of the PRESS—the lever which is at this moment moving the world—that glorious luminary which is dispelling the clouds of moral darkness, and warming into life and action the intellectual energies of millions—whose benign and cheering rays are penetrating the very confines of civilization, and redeeming man from slavery, ignorance, and degradation. Would you, gentlemen, regard with deeper interest the importance of your art, or prize more highly the character of your vocation, then contemplate, for a moment, the condition of those tribes, or fraternities of men, who have never experienced the benefits and advantages of the Press, and contrast their situation with those who are privileged to move within the sphere of its blessed influence—nay, compare, if

you will, the condition of those nations where the Press has diffused its light and dispensed its intellectual treasures, with that of the most refined and enlightened nations, in the most auspicious and polished eras of antiquity, and mark the difference that characterizes their political, intellectual, and moral destinies. True, the celestial signs, and astronomical figures, with other relics that have come down to us, inspire us with admiration, and beget in us exalted conceptions of the wisdom and glory of ancient Egypt, and irresistibly lead us to regard the land of the Pyramids, the land of Osiris and of Hermes, of Sesostris, and the Ptolemies, as the birth place of the arts and sciences; whilst her hieroglyphics, her golden zodiac, and countless symbols may be regarded as the first books by which mankind were instructed.

Ancient Greece and Rome too, might assert their claims to wisdom, virtue and philosophy. The former with pride and exultation might refer to the names of Phidias and Praxiteles, as masters in sculpture; to Apelles and Timotheus in painting; to Demosthenes as the first of orators; to Solon and Lycurgus as wise legislators; and to Socrates and Plato, as unrivalled moralists and philosophers; whilst the latter with equal pride, might point to "names that know not death," to Brutus and Cicero, Aurelius and Cato, as models in wisdom, virtue and heroism. We grant, most readily grant, that each had their wise, great, and good men. But, alas! they were "few and far between." Like the pillars of Hercules, they towered in severe and solitary grandeur amidst a barren waste; whilst all around was a mental wilderness. Knowledge was confined to the academic groves, where none save the favored few were allowed to enter; whilst the multitude were mere "hewers of wood and drawers of water"—were ignorant, and therefore, vicious and degraded; but where the Press exerts an influence, all classes of society are comparatively enlightened—are capable of estimating their natural, political, and religious rights; and knowledge, morality, and happiness flow through all the ramifications of society. If mankind, then, held in reverence the name of Columbus, for introducing the alphabet of Danais, for giving the model of the ship—of Xenagoras, who first constructed it—of Church, who invented the sphere to invigilate it—of Leonardo Da Vinci, the inventor of lock navigation, and of our immortal countryman, Fulton, for the application of steam—I say, how pre-eminently then do the claims of FARRAR, the inventor of your art, entitle him to the appellation of benefactor; for that the art of printing has contributed more essentially towards the instruction and elevation of mankind than all the arts besides is a truth notorious and incontrovertible—hence it is, that the Press is the pride and safeguard of free governments—but the terror and destined destroyer of all despotism. To the tyrants of the earth it brings despair; they dread its power—would fain stifle its influence—they tremble as they contemplate, and shudder as they name it, and the acknowledgement of their fears stands recorded in their edicts and lists of proscriptions.

It has been well said, that "the Press is intimately connected with human happiness." All the means combined and employed in promoting the amelioration of mankind are not so powerful and efficacious as the periodical press alone. Its influence is felt and acknowledged in every part of our wide and extended country. It enters every domicile, from the marble mansion upon the Atlantic to the rude cabin upon the banks of the Oregon, and cheers and chastens, refines and instructs, whithersoever it reacheth.

If the periodical press, (to use the language of one of our greatest men) with its rich treasures of science and intelligence, were struck from existence, we should then know how much we had possessed by feeling how much we had lost. Had this great source of instruction and intelligence, (continues the same writer) been possessed by the old world, how different might have been its destiny, and how rich the lessons of experience transmitted to us. How precious would be a newspaper, printed at the epoch of some of those memorable events, that have come down to us in "thoughts that breathe and words that burn." A gazette of Sparta, or of Athens, when Xerxes was upon the Hellespont, or Leonidas at Thermopylae, would be a treasure far beyond the marble monuments which yet look out upon the ruins around them. The hopes, the fears, the efforts, the sacrifices of Greece would be before us, not in the impassioned strains of her poets, nor in the eloquent but partial narratives of her historians, but as they marked the approaching danger, and

the alterations in popular feeling. And with equal interest should we gaze upon a similar monument of the literature and fortunes of Rome, when civil discord, or foreign armies shook her power but not her resolution; when her citizens retreated to the sacred mound, or when the great Carthaginian army swept her eagles from the field of Cannae. All that is wanting, (he concludes) to complete our knowledge of antiquity, these publications would have furnished.

In a government like ours, gentlemen, where the public voice is omnipotent—where the whole superstructure of our institutions rest upon public opinion—how important it is that the public mind should be well informed; that it should be properly instructed not only in morals and the arts, but in the science of government, that the people may at all times be capable of judging of "men and measures" accurately; inasmuch as upon the intelligence, virtue and discretion of the people depends the stability of our institutions, and the consequent happiness of millions; and for the diffusion, as well as for the preservation, of this intelligence and virtue, we are chiefly dependant upon the press.

Do I hazard too much, gentlemen, when I say that our liberties were not only achieved, but have in a great measure, been preserved by the press. Through what other medium could the story of our wrongs have been communicated, so as to have produced a simultaneous feeling throughout all the colonies? By what means could the principles and deliberations of the fathers of the Republic have been diffused, so as to have caused a uniform and simultaneous movement throughout the land? Through the press, the people were not only made acquainted with the measure of their wrongs, but were inspired with a spirit to redress them. "The obnoxious acts of Parliament (says the Abbe Reynal) were circulated throughout the continent upon paper edged with black, emblematic of mourning for liberty departed." Writings fraught with vigor and eloquence were delivered in all directions from the press, and wherever a pamphlet or newspaper circulated, the people were made acquainted with the merits of the controversy—were inspired with enthusiasm, and girded for the conflict.

I have said that our liberties, so far, have been preserved by the press, and the declaration needs no confirmation when addressed to an assembly so intimately acquainted with the history of the Republic as "The Typographical Association of New York." And, gentlemen, you will permit me to predict that if the American Republic shall be so fortunate as to shun the fate of those Republics that have existed in by-gone days, its preservation will be ascribable to the press alone. * * *

Observation has taught us, that the press is all powerful in correcting public abuses—in exposing and punishing political heresy, and in restraining and chastising unlawful ambition. Shall we be told, then, that the press may become corrupt and licentious, and instead of guarding, as a faithful sentinel, the citadel of our liberties, may be converted by a band of political desperadoes into an engine, that will not only rock its battlements, but rive its foundation? If we take the past as a criterion by which to judge, we shall arrive at a very different conclusion. Wherever the press is free the people are enlightened—and where the people are enlightened, no danger need be apprehended, but that they will act in reference to the welfare of the Republic—knowing as they will, knowing as they do, that the individual interest of each is necessarily identified therewith."

A monopoly not to be borne.—A yankee who was passing through a neighboring village recently in a wagon, was observed to stop very suddenly, jump out, untackle his horse, and leaving behind him his wagon and harness, pursue his journey (to use a significant yankeism) bareback. Upon being enquired of why he did so, he replied—"Why I'll be darned if I ride another step in that are old rattling thing, it monopolizes every word of the conversation."—N. Hamps. Spect.

A good sort of a woman in Vermont, who rigidly adhered to the Divines' Catechism, desirous of discovering to her friend the talents of her son, (a boy of some shrewdness) and his astonishing strength of memory, called him up, in the presence of a Col. Lev., to question him on the Catechism. "My son, (said the good woman) into what state did the fall bring mankind?" "Into the state of Vermont," answered the boy.

This story reminds us of an English boy who was about leaving one of the parish schools, and on being asked by an old lady whether he had been confirmed, replied, "No ma'am, but I've been vaccinated."

MYSTERY.

ADVENTURES AMONG THE PIRATES.

TOM CRINGLE'S LOG—(Continued.)

"I twisted and craned myself out of the window, to get a view of what was going on elsewhere; however, I could see nothing but Obed's large schooner from it, all the other craft were out of the range of my eye, being hid by the projecting roof of the shed. The noise continued—the shouting rose higher than ever—the other schooners opened their fire, both cannon and musketry; and from the increasing vehemence of the Spanish exclamations, and the cheering on board Obed's vessels, I concluded the attacking party were having the worst of it. My dog Sneezer now came jumping and scrambling up the trap-stair, his paws slipping between the bars at every step, his mouth wide open, and his tongue hanging out while he barked, and yelled, and gasped to get at me, as if his life depended on it. After him I could see the round woolly pate of Peter Mangrove, his quire, as excited apparently as the dog, and as anxious to get up; but they got jammed together in the small hatch, and stuck there man and beast. At length Peter spoke:—'Now, sir, now, Nancy has run on to the beach with two paddles; now for it, now for it.' Dawn trundled master, and dog, and pilot. By this time there was no one in the lower part of the shed, which was full of smoke, while the internal tumult on the water still raged as furiously as ever, the shot of all sorts and sizes hissing and splashing, and ricocheting along the smooth surface of the harbour, as if there had been a sheet of musket and cannon balls and grape. Peter struck out at the top of his speed, Sneezer and I followed, we soon reached the jungle, dashed through a path that had been recently cleared with a cutlass, or billhook, for the twigs were freshly shored, and in about ten minutes reached the high road. However, no rest for the wicked, although the row seemed lessening now. 'Some one has got the worst of it,' said I.

'Never mind, master,' quoth Peter, 'or we shan't get debettered ourselves.' And away we galloped again, until I had scarcely a rag an inch square on my back, or any where else, and my skin was torn in pieces by the prickly bushes and spear grass. The sound of firing now ceased entirely, although there was loud shouting now and then, still. 'Push on, massa—dem will soon miss we!' True enough, Peter—but what is that? as we came to a bundle of clouds wallowing about in the morass. 'De devil it must be, I tink,' said the pilot. 'No, my Nancy it is, sticking in the mud up to her waist: what shall we do?' you think, massa, we hab time for can stop to pick she out?—'Heaven have mercy, Peter—yes, unquestionably.' 'Well, massa, you know best.' So we tugged at the cable here, and first one leg came home out of the tenacious clay, with a pop, then the other was drawn out of the quagmire. We then relieved her of the paddles, and each taking hold of the poor half-dead creature's hands, we succeeded in getting down to the beach, about half a mile to leeward of the entrance cove. We found the canoe there, plumped Nancy stern foremost into the bottom of it for ballast, gathered all our remaining energies for a grand shove, and ran like lightning into the surf, till the water flushed over and over us, reaching to our necks. Next moment we were both swimming, and the canoe, although full of water, beyond the surf, rising and falling on the long swell. We scrambled on board, set Nancy to hale with Peter's hat, seized our paddles, and sculled away like fury for ten minutes right out to sea, without looking once about us, until a musket-shot whistled over our heads, then another, and a third; and I had just time to hold up a white handkerchief, to prevent a whole platoon being let drive at us from the deck of his Britannic Majesty's schooner Glean, lying about a cable's length to windward of us, with the Firebrand a mile astern of her out at sea. In five minutes we got on board of the former. 'Mercy on me, Tom Cringle, and is this the way we are to meet again?' said old Dick Gasket, as he held out his large, bony, sun-burnt hand to me. 'You have led me a nice dance, in a vain attempt to redeem you from bondage, Tom: but I am delighted to see you, although I have not had the credit of being your deliverer—very glad to see you, Tom; but come along, man, come down with me, and let me rig you, not quite a Stulze's fit, you know, but a jury-rig—you shall have as good as Dick Gasket's kit can furnish forth, for really you are in a miserable plight, man.' 'Bad enough indeed, Mr. Gasket—many thanks though—bad enough as you say; but I would that your boats' crew were in so good a plight.'

Mr. Gasket looked earnestly at me—'Why, I have my own misgivings, Mr. Cringle; this morning at day-break, the Firebrand in company, fell in with an armed felucca. It was dead calm, and she was out of gunshot, close in with the land. The Firebrand immediately sent the cutter on board, fully armed, with instructions to me to man the launch, and arm her with the boat-gun, and then to send both boats to overhaul the felucca. I did so, standing in as quickly as the light air would take me, to support them; the felucca all this while sweeping in shore as fast as she could pull. But the boats were too nimble for her, and our launch had already saluted her twice from the sixteen pounder in the bow, when the sea-breeze came thundering down in a white squall, that reeled our gaff-top-sail in a trice, and blew away a whole lot of light sails, like so many paper kites. When it cleared away, the devil a felucca, boat, or any thing else, was to be seen. Capsized they could not have been, for all three were not likely to have gone that way; and as to any creek they could have run into, why we could

see none. That they had pulled in shore, however, was our conclusion; but here have we been the whole morning, firing signal guns every five minutes without success.' 'Did you hear no firing after the squall,' said I. 'Why some of my people thought they did, but it was that hollow, tremulous, reverberating sound that it might have been thunder; and the breeze blew too strong to have allowed us to hear musketry a mile and a half to windward of them. I did think I saw some smoke rise, and blow off now and then, but—' 'But me no buts, Master Richard Gasket; Peter Mangrove here, as well as myself, saw your people pursue the felucca into the lion's den, and I fear they have been crushed in his jaws.' I briefly related what we had seen—Gasket was in great distress. 'They must have been taken, Mr. Cringle. The fools, to allow themselves to be trepanned in this way! we must stand out and speak the corvette—All hands make sail!' I could not help smiling at the grandeur of Dick's emphasis on the *all*, when the twenty hands, one-third of them boys, and the other landsmen, scrambled up from below, and began to pull and haul in no very seamanlike fashion. He noticed it. Ah, Tom, I know what you are grinning at, but I fear it has been no laughing matter to my poor boats' crew—all my best hands gone, God help me! Presently being under the Firebrand's lee quarter, we lowered down the boat and went on board, where, for the first time these three tremendousness of my appearance and following flashed on me. There we were all in a bunch, the dog, Mr. and Mrs. Mangrove, and Thomas Cringle—gentle, such in appearance as I shall shortly describe them. Old Richard Gasket, Esq., first clambered up the side, and made his bow to the Hon. Captain N——, who was standing near the gangway, on the snow-white deck, where every thing was in apple pie order, himself, both in mind and apparel, the most polished concern in the ship, amidst a group of officers; while the whole crew, with the exception of the unfortunate absentees in the cutter, were scrambling to get a good view of us.

I have already said, that my uniform was torn to pieces; trousers, ditto; my shoes had parted company in the quagmire; and as for hat, it was left in my cot. I had a dirty handkerchief tied round my neck, performing the twofold office of a cravat and a dressing to my wound; while the blood from the scratches had dried into black streaks adown and across my face and paws, and I was altogether so begrimed with mud that my mother would not have known me. Dick made his salam, and then took up a position beside the silly pilot, with an important face, like a showman exhibiting wild beasts, a regular 'sit-lam-up-with-a-long-ole' sort of look. I followed him—'This is Lieutenant Cringle, Captain N——.' 'The devil it is!' said N——, trying in vain to keep his gravity. 'Why, I see it. How do you do, Mr. Cringle? glad to see you.' 'This is Peter Mangrove, branch-pilot,' continued Gasket, as Peter, bowing, tried to slide past, out of sight. 'Till this instant I had not had time to look at him—he was even a much quainter looking figure than myself. He had been encumbered with no garment beside his trousers when we started, and these had been reduced in the scramble through the brake, to a waistband and two kneelands, from which a few shreds fluttered in the breeze, the rest of his canvass having been entirely torn out of the belt ropes. For an upper dress he had borrowed a waistcoat without sleeves from the purser of the schooner, which hung loose and unbuttoned before, while behind, being somewhat of the shortest, some very prominent parts of the stern frame were disclosed, as even an apology for a shirt had he none. Next came the female—'This is the pilot's wife, Captain N——,' again sung out old Dick; but I cannot venture on a description of poor Nancy's equipment, beyond mentioning, that one of the Glean's crew had given her a pair of old trousers, which were most ludicrously scanty at top, and devil another rag of any kind had the poor creature on, but a handkerchief across her bosom. There was no standing all this; the crew forward and in the waist were all on the broad grin, while the officers after struggling to maintain their gravity until they were nearly suffocated, fairly gave in, and the whole ship echoed with the most uproarious laughter; a young villain, whether a Mid or no I could not tell, yelling out in the throng, 'Hurrah for Tom Cringle's tail!'

I was fairly beginning to lose countenance, when up jumped Sneezer to my relief out of the boat, with an old cocked hat lashed on his head, a mariner's jacket buttoned round his body, and his coal-black muzzle bedaubed with pipe clay, regularly monkeyfied, the momentary handiwork of some wicked little reefers, while a small pipe sung out quietly, as if not intended to reach the quarter-deck, although it did so. 'And here comes the last joint of Mr. Cringle's Tail!' The dog began floundering and jumping about, and wallowing amongst the people, most of whom knew him, and immediately drew their attention from me and my party to himself; for away they all bundled forward, dog and men tumbling and scrambling about like so many children, leaving the coast clear to me and my attendants. The absurdity of the whole exhibition had for an instant, even under the very nose of a proverbially taught hand, led to freedoms which I had believed impossible in a man-of-war. However, there was too much serious matter in hand, independently of any other consideration, to allow the merriment created by our appearance to last long. Captain N——, immediately on being informed how matters stood, with a seamanlike promptitude determined to lighten the Glean, and send her in with the boats, for the purpose of destroying the haunt of the pirates, and recovering the men, if they were still alive; but before any thing could be done, it came on to blow, and for

a week we had great difficulty in maintaining our position off the coast against the strength of the gale and lee current. It was on the Sunday morning after I had escaped that it moderated sufficiently for our purpose, when both vessels stood close in, and Peter and I were sent to reconnoitre the entrance of the port in the gig. Having sounded and taken the bearings of the land, we returned on board, when the Glean's provisions were taken out and her water started. The ballast was then shifted, so as to bring her by the head, that she might thus draw less water by being on an even keel, all sharp vessels of her class requiring much deeper water aft than forward; the corvette's launch, with a 12 pound carronade fitted, was then manned and armed with thirty seamen and marines, under the command of the second lieutenant; the jolly boat, and the two quarter boats, each with twelve men, followed in a string, under the third lieutenant, the master, and the senior midshipman; thirty picked hands were added to the schooner's crew, and I was desired to take the gig, with six smart lands and Peter Mangrove, and to accompany the whole as pilot; but to pull out of danger so soon as the action commenced, so as to be ready to help any disabled boat, or to carry orders from the commanding officer. At nine in the morning, we gave three cheers, and leaving the corvette, with barely forty hands on board, the Glean made sail towards the harbour's mouth, with the boats in tow; but when we got within musket-shot of the entrance, the breeze failed us, when the order of sailing was reversed, the boats now taking the schooner in tow, preceded by your humble servant in the gig. We dashed safely through the small canal of blue water, which divided the surf at the harbour's mouth, having hit it to a nicety; but when about a pistol-shot from the entrance, the channel narrowed to a muddy creek, not more than twenty yards wide, with high trees, and thick underwood close to the water's edge. All was silent, the sun shone down upon us like the concentrated rays of a burning glass, and there was no breeze to dissipate the heavy dank mist that hovered over the surface of the unwholesome canal, nor was there any appearance of a living thing, save and except a few startled water-fowl, and some graces on the trees, and now and then an alligator like a black log of charred wood, would roll off a shiny bank of brown mud, with a splash into the water. We rowed on the schooner every now and then taking the ground, but she was always quickly warped off again by a ledge; at length, after we had in all proceeded it might be about a mile from the beach, we came to a beam of strong timber clamped with iron stretching across the creek. We were not unprepared for this; one of two old 32-pound carronades, which, in anticipation of some obstruction of the sort, had been got on deck from amongst the Glean's ballast, and properly slung, was now made fast of the middle timber of the boom, and let go, when the weight of it sunk it to the bottom, and we passed on. We pulled on for about half a mile further, when I noticed, high upon a sunny cliff, that shot boldly out into the clear blue heavens, a small red flag suddenly run up to the top of a tall, scathed, branchless palm-tree, where it flared for a moment in the breeze like the flames of a torch, and then as suddenly disappeared. 'Come, they are on the look-out for us I see.' The hills continued to close on us as we advanced, and that so precipitously that we might have been crushed to pieces had half a dozen active fellows, without any risk to themselves, for the trees would have screened them, simply loosened some of the fragments of rock that impended over us, so threateningly, it seemed, as if a little finger could have sent them bounding and thundering down the mountain side; but this either was not the game of the people we were in search of, or Obed's spirit and energy had been crushed out of him by the heart depressing belief that his hours were numbered, for no active obstruction was made. We now suddenly rounded an abrupt corner of the creek, and there we were full in front of the felucca, who, with the felucca in advance, were lying in line of battle, with springs on their cables. The little black pennant was, in the present instance, more to be seen; indeed, why such an impolitic error should have been shown it at all was taken in the first moment. I never could understand, for the force was so small, how it had created any serious fear of being captured (unless indeed it had been taken for an advance guard, supported by a stronger); while it must have appeared probable to Obediah, that the loss of the two boats would in all likelihood lead to a more powerful attempt, when if it were successful, the damning fact of having fought under such an infernal emblem must have insured a pirate's death on the gibbet to every soul who was taken, unless he had intended to have murdered all the witnesses of it. But since proof in my person and the pilot's existed, now, if ever, was the time for mortal resistance and to have hoisted it, for they knew that they all fought with halbers about their necks. They had all the Spanish flag flying except the Wave, which showed American colours, and the felucca, which had a white flag hoisted, from which last, when our gig appeared, a canoe shoved off, and pulled towards us. The officer, if such he might be called, also carried a white flag in his hand. He was a daring-looking fellow, and dashed up along-side of me. The incomprehensible folly of trying at this time of day to cloak the real character of the vessels, puzzled me and does so to this hour. I have never got a clew to it, unless it was that Obed's strong mind had given way before his superstitious fears, and others had now assumed the right of both judging and acting for him on this his closing scene. He at once recognized me, but seemed neither surprised or disconcerted at seeing me, or the strength of the force which accompanied me.

He asked me in Spanish if I commanded it; I told him I did not, that the captain of the schooner was the senior officer. 'Then will you be good enough, Mr. Cringle, to go on board with me, to interpret for me?' 'Certainly.' In half a minute we were both on the Glean's deck, the crew of the boats that had her in tow lying on their oars. 'You are the commander of this force?' said the Spaniard. 'I am,' said old Gasket, who had hinged himself out in full puff after the manner of the ancients, as if he had been going to church, instead of to fight; 'and who the — an you?' 'I command one of these Spanish schooners—sir, which your boats so unwarrantably attacked a week ago, altho' you are at peace with Spain. But even had they been enemies, they were in a friendly port which should have protected them.' 'All very good orders,' quoth old Dick; 'and pray was it an honest trick of you or your friend, to cabage my young friend Lieutenant Cringle there, as if you had been slavers kidnapping the Bungeos in the Bight of Biafra, and then to fire on and murder my people when sent to claim him?' 'As to carrying off that young gentleman, it was no affair of ours; he was brought away by the master of that American schooner; but so far as regards firing on your people, I believe they fired first. But they are not murdered; on the contrary, they have been well used, and are now on board that felucca. I am come to surrender the whole fifteen to you.' 'The whole fifteen! and what have you made of the other twelve?' 'Gastados,' said the fellow, with all the sang froid in the world, 'gastados, (spent or expended) by their own folly.' 'Oh, they are expended, are they? then give us the fifteen.' 'Certainly, but you will in this case withdraw your force, of course.' 'We shall see about that—go and send in the men!' He jumped into the canoe and shoved off, —when he reached the felucca, he struck the white flag, and hoisted the Spanish in its stead, and by hauling on a spring, he brought her to cover the larger schooner so effectually that we could not fire a shot at her without going through the felucca. We could see all the men leave this latter vessel in two canoes, and go on board one of the other craft. There was now no time to be lost, so I dashed at the felucca in the gig, and broke open the hatches, where we found the captured seamen and their gallant leader Lt. —, in a sorry plight, expecting nothing but to be blown up, or instant death by shot or the knife. We released them, and sending to the Glean for ammunition and small arms, led the way in the felucca, by Mr. Gasket's orders, to the attack, the corvette's launch supporting us; while the schooner with the other craft was scraping up as fast as they could. We made straight for the largest schooner, which with her consorts now opened a heavy fire of grape and musketry, which we returned with interest. I can tell little of what took place till I found myself on the pirate's quarter-deck, after a desperate tussle, and having driven the crew overboard, with dead and wounded men thickly strewn about, and our fellows busy firing at their surviving antagonists, as they were trying to gain the shore by swimming.

Although the schooner we carried was the Commodore, and commanded by Obediah in person, yet the pirates, that is, the Spanish part of them, by no means showed the fight I expected. While we were approaching, no fire could be hotter, and their yells and cheers were tremendous; but the instant we laid her alongside with the felucca, and swept her decks with a discharge of grape from the carronade, under cover of which we boarded on the quarter, while the launch's people scrambled up at the bows, their hearts failed them, a regular panic overtook them, and they jumped overboard, without waiting for a taste either of cutlass or boarding-pike. The captain himself, however, with about ten Americans, stood at bay round the long gun, which, notwithstanding their great inferiority in point of numbers to our party, they manfully fired three several times at us, after we had carried her aft; but we were so close that the grape came past us like a round shot, and only killed one hand at each discharge, —whereas at thirty yards off it might have made a pretty 'tableau' of the whole party, by having had room to spread. I hailed Obed twice to surrender, as our people, staggered by the extreme hardness of the small group, hung back for an instant; but he either did not hear me, or would not, for the only reply he seemed inclined to make was by slewing round the gun so as to bring me on a line with it, and the next moment a general rush was made, when the whole party was cut down, with three exceptions, one of whom was Obed himself, who, getting on the gun, made a desperate bound over the men's heads, and jumped overboard. He struck out gallantly, the shot pattering round him like the first drops of a thunder shower, but he dived apparently unhurt, and I lost sight of him.

The vessel having also been carried, the firing was all on our side by this time, and I, along with the other officers, was exerting myself to stop the butchery. 'Cease firing, men; for shame, you see they no longer resist'—And my voice was obeyed by all except the fifteen we had released, who were absolutely mad with fury—perfect fiends; such uncontrollable fierceness I had never witnessed,—indeed, I had nearly cut one of them down before I could make them knock off firing. 'Don't fire, sir,' cried I, to one. 'Ay, ay, sir; but that scoundrel made me rush his shirts,' and he let drive at a poor devil who was squatting and swimming away towards the shore, and shot him thro' the head. 'By heavens! I will run you through, if you fire at that man!' shouted I to another, a marine, who was taking aim at no less a personage than friend Obed, who had risen to breathe, and was swimming after the others, but the very last man of all. 'No, by —! he made me wash his trousers, sir.' He

tired—the pirate stretched out his arms, turned slowly on his back, with his face towards me. I thought he gave me a sort of "Et tu, Brute" look, but I dare say it was fancy—his feet began to sink, and he gradually disappeared,—a few bubbles of froth and blood marking the spot where he went down. He had been shot dead. I will not attempt to describe my feelings at this moment, they burned themselves in on my heart at the time, and the impression is indelible. Whether I had or not acted, in one sense, unjustly, by thrusting myself so conspicuously forward in the attempt to capture him after what had passed between us, forced itself upon my judgment. I had certainly promised that I would, in no way that I could help, be instrumental in his destruction or seizure, provided he landed me at St. Jago, or put me on board a friendly vessel. He did neither, so his part of the compact might be considered broken; but then it was out of his power to have fulfilled it; besides, he not only threatened my life subsequently, but actually wounded me; still, however, on great provocation. But what "is writ is writ." He has gone to his account, pirate as he was, murderer if you will; yet I had, and still have, a tear for his memory,—and many a time have I prayed on my bare knees that his blue agonized dying look might be erased from my memory;—but this can never be. What he had been I never learned; but it is my deliberate opinion, that with a clear stage and opportunity, he would have forced himself out from the surface of society for good or for evil. The unfortunates who survived him, but to expiate their crimes on the gibbet at Port Royal, said he had joined them from a New York privateer, but they knew nothing further of him beyond the fact, that by his skill and desperate courage, within a month he had by common acclaim been elected captain of the whole band. There was a story current on board the corvette, of a small trading craft, with a person answering his description, having been captured in the Chesapeake, by one of the squadron, and sent to Halifax for adjudication; the master, in most cases of the kind, being left on board, which man that hour had never been heard of, neither vessel nor prize, crew nor captain, until two Americans were taken out of a slaver off the Cape de Verdes, by the Firebrand, about a year afterwards, after a most brave and determined attempt to escape, both of whom were however allowed to enter, but subsequently deserted off Sandy Hook by swimming ashore, in consequence of a pressed hand hinting that Obed had been the master of the vessel above mentioned.

All resistance having ceased, the few of the pirates who escaped having scampered into the woods, where they would have been vain to follow them, we secured our prisoners, and at the close of a bloody day, for fatal as it had been to friend and foe, the prizes were got under weigh, and before nightfall we were all at sea, sailing as a fleet under convoy of the corvette and Gleam.

PADDY FOOSHANE'S FRICASSEE.

Those of our readers who had a hearty laugh at the story of *Borrowing a Gridiron*, will equally enjoy the following.

Paddy Fooshane kept a shebeen house at Barley-mont Cross, in which he sold whiskey, (from which his Majesty did not derive any large portion of his revenue,) ale, and provisions. One evening a number of friends, returning from a funeral—all neighbours—stopt at his house, "because they were in grief," to drink a drop. There was Andy Agar, a stout rattling fellow, son of a gentleman residing near Jack Shea, who was afterwards transported for running away with Biddy Lawlor; Tim Courneane, who, by reason of being on his keeping, was privileged to carry a gun; Owen Connor, a march-of-intellect man, who wished to enlighten proctors by making them swallow their processes; and a number of other "good boys." The night began to "rain cats and dogs," and there was no stirring out; so the cards were called for, a roaring fire was made down, and the whiskey and ale began to flow. After due observation, and several experiments, a space large enough for the big table, and free from the drop down, was discovered. Here six persons, including Andy, Jack, Tim—with his gun between his legs—and Owen, sat to play for a pig's head, of which the living owner, in the parlour below, testified, by frequent grunts, his displeasure at this unceremonious disposal of his property. One boy held several splinters to light them, and another was charged with the sole business of making more, and drying them in little bundles at the fire. This, however, did not prevent him from making many sallies to discover the state of the game. A ring, two or three deep, surrounded the players, and in their looks exhibited the most keen interest. This group formed what might be termed the foreground of the picture. In one corner were squatted five boys and three girls, also playing cards for pins. But, notwithstanding the smallness of the stakes, there were innumerable scuffles, and an unceasing clamour kept up, through which the words of the girls were sure to be heard, and which, every now and then, required curses, loud and deep, from some unfortunate player at the large table, to silence. On the block by the fire sat Paddy himself, consulting a large audience with laughter at some humorous story, or at one of his own practical jokes, while his wife bustled about, bent the dog, set pieces of plates and keelers to receive the rain wherever it rained through the thatch, and occasionally stooped, half-provoked and half-admiring, to shake her head at her husband. Card-playing is very thirsty, and the boys were anxious to keep out the wet; so that long before the pig's head was decided, a messenger had been dispatched several times to Killarney, a distance of four English miles for a pint of whiskey each time.

The ale also went merrily round, until most of the men were quite stupid, their faces swollen, and their eyes red and heavy. The contest at length was decided; but a quarrel about the skill of the respective parties succeeded, and threatened broken heads at one time. Indeed, had Tim been able to effect the purpose at which he diligently laboured, of getting the gun to his shoulder, it is very probable he would have taken ample satisfaction for some dreadful affront offered him by Andy; who, on his part, directed all his discourse to a large wooden gallon at the other end of the table. The imperturbable coolness of his opponent provoked Andy exceedingly. Abuse is bad enough, but contemptuous silence is more than flesh and blood can bear, particularly as he felt that he was running aground first when he had the whole conversation to himself. He became quite furious, and, after two or three efforts started up and made a rush towards his wooden adversary; but the great slipperiness of the ground laid him on the flat of his back. This gave time, so that several interferred, and peace was made; but the harmony of the night was destroyed. At last, Jack Shea swore they must have something to eat; he was starved with drink, and he must get some rashers somewhere or other. Every one declared the same; and Paddy was ordered to cook some *griskins* forthwith. Paddy was completely non-plussed—all the provisions were gone, and yet his guests were not to be trifled with. He made a hundred excuses—"Twas late—"Twas dry now—and there was nothing in the house; sure they ate and drank enough." But all in vain. The could sinner was threatened with instant death if he delayed. So Paddy called a council of war in the parlour, consisting of his wife and himself.

"Aghra, Jillen, aghra, what will we do with these? Is there any meat in the tub? Where is the tongue? If it was yours, Jillen, we'd give them enough of it; but I mane the cow's!" (aside.)

"Sure the proctors got the tongue yesterday, and you know there ain't a bit in the tub. Oh the murderin' villains! and I'll engage 'twill be no good for us, after all my white bread and the whiskey. That it may pison 'em!"

"Amen! Jillen; but don't curse them. After all, where the meat? I'm sure that Andy will kill me if we don't make it out any how;—and he hasn't a penny to pay for it. You could drive the mail-coach, Jillen, through his breeches pocket, without jolting over a ha'penny—Coming, coming; d'ye hear 'em?" "Oh, they'll murder us. Sure if we had any of the tripe I sent yesterday to the gauger."

"Eh! What's that you say? I declare here's Andy getting up. We must do something. *Thomson audhian!* I have it. Jillen, run and bring me the leather breeches; run woman, alive! Where's the block and the butcher? Go up and tell 'em you're putting down the pot."

Jillen pacified the uproar in the kitchen by loud promises, and returned to Paddy. The use of the leather breeches passed her comprehension; but Paddy actually took up the leather breeches, tore away the lining with great care, chopped the leather with the hatchet on the block, and put it into the pot as tripe. Considering the situation in which Andy and his friends were, and the appetite of the Irish peasantry for meat in any shape—"a bone," being their *summa bonum*—the risk was very little. If discovered, however, Paddy's safety was much worse than doubtful, as no people in the world have a greater horror of any unusual food. One of the most deadly modes of revenge they can employ is to give an enemy dog's or cat's flesh; and there have been instances where the persons who have eaten it, on being informed of the fact, have gone mad. But Paddy's habit of practical jokes, from which nothing could wean him, and his anger at their conduct, along with the fear he was in, did not allow him to hesitate a moment. Jillen demonstrated in vain. "Hould your tongue, you foolish woman. They're all as blind as the pig there.—They'll never find it out. Bad luck to 'em too, my leather breeches! that I gave a pound note and a pig for in Cork. See how nothing else would satisfy 'em!" The meat at length was ready. Paddy drowned it in butter, threw out the potatoes on the table and served it up smoking hot with the greatest gravity.

"By J—," says Jack Shea, "that's fine stuff. How a man would dig a trench, after that!"

"I'll take a priest's oath," answered Tim Cohill, the most irritable of men, but whose temper was something softened by the rich steam.

"Yet, Tim, what's a priest's oath? I never heard that!"

"Why, sure, every one knows you didn't ever hear of any thing of good."

"I say you lie, Tim, you rascal!"

Tim was on his legs in a few moments, and a general battle was about to begin; but the appetite was too strong, and the quarrel was settled; Tim having been appeased by being allowed to explain a priest's oath. According to him, a priest's oath was this:—"He was surrounded by books, which were gradually piled up until they reached his lips. He then kissed the uppermost, and swore by all to the bottom." As soon as the admiration excited by his explanation, in those who were capable of hearing Tim, had ceased, all fell to work; and certainly, if the tripe had been of ordinary texture, drunk as was the party, they would soon have disappeared. After gnawing at them for some time—

"Well," says Owen Connor, "that I mightn't!—but these are the quarest tripe I ever eat. It must be she was very cold."

"By J—," says Andy, taking a piece from his mouth to which he had been paying his addresses for the last half hour, "I'd as soon be eating leather. She

was a bull man; I can't find the soft end at all of it."

"And that's true for you, Andy," said the man of the gun; "and 'tis the greatest shame they hadn't a bull-bait to make him tinder. Paddy, was it from Jack Clifford's bull you got 'em? They'd do for wadding they're so tough."

"I'll tell you, Tim, where I got them—'twas out of Lord Shandon's great cow at Cork, the great fat cow that the Lord Mayor bought for the Lord Lieutenant—*Asda churpnaur lugushah.*"

"Amen, I pray, Paddy. Out of Lord Shandon's cow? near the steeple, I suppose; the great cow that couldn't walk with tallow. By J—, these are fine tripe. They'll make a man very strong. Andy, give two or three libbers more of 'em."

"Well, see that! out of Lord Shandon's cow; I wonder what they gave her, Paddy. That I mightn't—but these would eat a pit of potatoes. Any how, they're good for the teeth. Paddy, what's the reason they send all the good mate from Cork to the Blacks?"

But before Paddy could answer this question, Andy, who had been endeavouring to help Tim, uttered a loud "*Thomson audhian!*" what's this? Isn't this flannel? The fact was, he had found a piece of the lining, which Paddy, in his hurry, had not removed; and all was confusion. Every eye was turned to Paddy; but with wonderful quickness he said, "Tis the book tripe, *agragal*, don't you see!"—and actually persuaded them to it.

"Well, any how," says Tim, "it had the taste of wool."

"May this choke me," says Jack Shea, "if I didn't think that 'twas a piece of a leather breeches when I saw Andy *chaing* it!"

This was a shot between wind and water to Paddy. His self-possession was nearly altogether lost, and he could no more than turn it off by a faint laugh. But it jarred most unpleasantly on Andy's nerves. After looking at Paddy for some time with a very ominous look, he said, "*Yirree Paudhrig* of the tricks, if I thought you were going on with any work here, my soul and my belly to the devil if I would not cut you into garters. By the vestment I'd make a *farhar-men* of you."

"Is it I, Andy? That the hands may fall off me!"

But Tim Cohill made a most seasonable diversion. "Andy, when you die, you'll be the death of one fool, any how. What do you know, that wasn't ever in Cork itself, about tripe. I never ate such mate in my life; and 'twould be good for every poor man in the County of Kerry if he had a tub of it."

Tim's tone of authority, and the character he had got for learning, silenced every doubt, and all laid seige to the tripe again. But after some time, Andy was observed gazing with the most astonished curiosity into the plate before him. His eyes were rivetted on something; at last he touched it with his knife, and exclaimed, "*Kirhappa, dar dhia!*"—[A button by—.] "What's that you say? burst from all! and every one rose in the best manner he could, to learn the meaning of the button."

"Oh, the villain of the world!" roared Andy, "I'm pisoned! Where's the pike? Jack, run for the priest, or I'm a dead man with the breeches. Where is he?—yeer bloods, won't ye catch him, and I pisoned?"

The fact was, Andy had met one of the knee-buttons sewed into a piece of the tripe, and it was impossible for him to fail discovering the cheat. The rage, however, was not confined to Andy. As soon as it was understood what had been done, there was a universal rush for Paddy and Jillen, but Paddy was much too cunning to be caught after the narrow escape he had of it before. The moment after the discovery of the lining, that he could do so without suspicion, he stole from the table, left the house and hid himself. Jillen did the same; and nothing remained for the eaters, to vent their rage, but breaking every thing in the cabin; which was done in the utmost fury. Andy, however, continued watching for Paddy with a gun, a whole month after."

BYRON'S HORSEMANSHIP.—His appearance on horseback was not advantageous, and he seemed aware of it, for he made many excuses for his dress and equestrian appointments. His horse was literally covered with various trappings, in the way of caveasons, martingales, and Heaven knows how many other (to me) unknown inventions. The saddle was a *la Hussarde* with holsters, in which he always carried pistols. His dress consisted of a nankeen jacket and trousers, which appeared to have shrunk from washing; the jacket embroidered in the same color, and with three rows of buttons; the waist very short, the back very narrow, and the sleeves cut in as they used to be ten or fifteen years before; a black stock, very narrow; a dark blue velvet cap with a shade, and a very rich gold band and large gold tassel at the crown; nankeen gaiters, and a pair of blue spectacles, completed his costume, which was anything but becoming. This was his general dress of a morning for riding, but I have seen it changed for a green tartan plaid jacket. He did not ride well, which surprised us, as from the frequent allusions to horsemanship in his works, we expected to find him almost a Nimrod. It was evident that he had pretensions on this point, though he certainly was what I should call a timid rider. When his horse made a false step, which was not unfrequent, he seemed discomposed; and when he came to any bad part of the road, he immediately checked his course and walked his horse very slowly, though there was nothing to make even a lady nervous. Finding that I could perfectly manage (or what he called *bully*) a very highly-dressed horse that I daily rode, he became extremely anxious to buy it; asked me a thousand questions as to how I had acquired such a perfect command of it,

&c. and entreated, as the greatest favor, that I would resign it as a charger to take to Greece, declaring he never would part with it, &c. As I was by no means a bold rider, we were rather amused at observing Lord Byron's opinion of my courage; and as he seemed to be anxious for the horse, I agreed to let him have it when he was to embark. From this time he paid particular attention to the movements of poor Mameluke (the name of the horse,) and said he should now feel confidence in action with so steady a charger.—*Countess of Blessington.*

THE PHYSICIAN IN PARLIAMENT.

Annexed are some lively verses from a London Journal, written on the prospect of Sir Henry Hallford's becoming a member of Parliament. The affair seems, however, a misapprehension; as the Editor in a note says—"Our facetious correspondent has been misled as to the fact of Sir Henry Hallford going into Parliament,—probably on the supposition—a reasonable one enough,—that there is but one Henry Hallford in the world. The gentleman so signing his name is a son of the Hallford."

All fear for the nation is over,
Will Cobbert may silence his chidings—
From Berwick-on-Tweed into Dover,
Let England rejoice in the tidings!
Sir Henry, long used to paragonage,
Has promised (Horrah! for the Bill!)
To physic the ills of the nation,
And gild the great national pill!

A fig for the Treasury again!
A fig for the War-Office fever!
Henceforward no crisis shall plague you,
Sir Henry,—Sir Henry for ever!
Internal commotions assuaging,
Green annuities, greater physician!
No matter what evils are raging,
His bark will defy opposition!

Constitutions have long been his study,
He has fingered his Majesty's pulse;
He can shorten the course of our blood; he
Can soften the pangs that convulse;
He will wail over the national excreta,
With such delicate demagogues wrestle;
Pounce on O'Connell like Sisaera,
And nail him with mortar and pebble.

His vials of wrath, in fervorem,
In each motion the members will see;
Prescription of letters before 'em,
Read hot from the Pharmacopoeia;—
But milky and mild as emulsion,
His pleadings our sympathy awaken;
While, proof against vulgar compulsion,
He is not 'to be shaken when taken."

FAUL OF THE HOUSE OF BOURBON;

A MYSTERIOUS PREDICTION OF THE YEAR 1785.

"Before we take up the narrative, we must remind the reader, that Louis, as Count de Provence, was heir presumptive to the crown of France; for, at that time, his unfortunate brother had no child but the present Duchess of Angouleme, whom the Salique law excluded from the succession. To the discomfiture, however, of the Count's brilliant expectations, Marie Antoinette at length presented her consort with an infant Dauphin; and it is more easy to conceive than describe the feelings which accompanied the Count back to his residence, in the evening of the day on which the royal child was born. On betaking himself to his chamber, Louis related, that he found a letter on the table standing by his bedside, superscribed, "*For Monsieur's perusal only.*" None of his attendants were able to say who had brought it, or how it came to be on the table; but after he had dismissed them for the night, he took it up, broke the seal, and found it to contain a double cover, within which were the following lines, written with white ink upon black paper:

"Take comfort; I have just risen from casting the babe's horoscope. He will not rob you of the crown; but his days will be numbered at the precise moment when his father shall cease to reign. Yet, another than yourself will be Louis the Sixteenth's successor, though this event will not prevent your becoming King of France. Woe be to him who occupies your post! Happy fate is yours that you have no children, for they would lead an existence exposed to the severest of trials. Know that the imprint of the very footsteps of your House will be expunged from its palaces, and that it will drink the bitter cup of adversity to its dregs. Fare you well! As your days are dear to you, seek not to track the soothsayer, for he is Death!"

And Louis thus pursued the narrative:—"I was more than surprised;—the contents of this letter shook me to the inmost soul; the very idea of sleep fled my thoughts, and I could do nothing but turn over in my mind what course I should pursue. Was I to keep the matter secret, or should I reveal it to Monsieur de Maurettes (at that time Prime Minister), or would it be best to make the Lieutenant of Police acquainted with it? I was under no apprehensions from the menaces which the writer held over my head, for I was aware he could not carry them into effect; but I really did feel uneasy at the horrible predictions he adventured, and the bold terms in which they were enounced. I was uneasy, too, lest the mysterious contents of this letter should prove a snare, laid by my enemies, in order to entrap me into a false and equivocal position. Not being able to sleep, I got up and determined to take a copy of the letter, in the event of my being required to part with the original. I had nearly completed my task, and was tracing the last of those ominous lines, when they began to recede from my sight, and at length wholly disappeared. I watched the metamorphoses closely and intently; the words first became paler, then they assumed a yellowish hue, and next grew fainter and fainter, until not a trace of them was left; only there was a white speck, or two observable here and there on the sable surface.

It now occurred to me that the ink was a chemical preparation, so contrived as to retain its effect for a given space of time. The writer's foresight galled me to the quick, for the *Corpus delicti* being removed, I had not even the shadow of a proof in hand. The next morning I found the paper eaten through and through with holes; in fact, it was so entirely destroyed, that I could feel no doubt as to the means which had been employed. My only alternative was to hold my peace; and I never spoke of this mysterious prediction during my exile from France but on one occasion and to one individual, and that was to Monsieur d'Avaray.

In how wonderful and melancholy a manner this remarkable prophecy was fulfilled, let the train of misfortunes which befell the elder branch of the Bourbons, between the 21st of January 1793 and the 30th of July 1830, bear witness. As connected with the latter period, an incident of the year 1782 may here be fittingly introduced. It was in that year that Monsieur Egolte, the father of Louis Philippe, took it into his head to entrust the education of his sons to the celebrated, but then too notorious, Madame de Genlis, under the extraordinary title of "Gouverneur des Princes de la Maison d'Orléans." Etiquette required of him to wait upon Louis the Sixteenth, and obtain his sanction to the nomination. After Louis had heard Monsieur's suit, he looked him hard in the face without opening his lips, knit his brow, then pondered awhile, and at last bespoke him in a measured and significant tone of voice,—"I have a son.—Madame (meaning the Countess of Provence) may have children,—and the Count d'Artois has two Princes. You are welcome, Sir, to—do what you like!" added Louis, turning his back abruptly upon the then Duke de Chartres. In less than fifty years, the murder of Louis, the Dauphin his son and his nephew de Berri,—the decease of his brother, and the expulsion of every surviving member of the elder branch of Bourbon, cleared the field of sovereignty for the pupil of Madame de Genlis! *Sic itur ad astra!* *** C. J.

ENGLISH FASHION.—Talking of fashionable life in London, Lord Byron said that there was nothing so rapid and enigmatic. "The English," said he "were intended by nature to be good, sober-minded people, and those who live in the country are really admirable. I saw a good deal of English country life, and it is the only favourable impression that remains of our mode of living; but of London, and of our society, I retain a fearful recollection. Dissipation has need of wit, talent, and gaiety to prevent perfection, and make the eternal round of frivolous amusements pass; and of these," continued Byron, "there was a terrible lack in the society in which I mixed. The minds of the English are formed of sterner stuff. You may make an English woman (indeed Nature does this) the best daughter, wife, and mother in the world; nay, you may make her a heroine; but nothing can make her a genuine woman of fashion! And yet, this latter role is the one which, *par preference*, she always wishes to act. Thoroughbred English gentlemen," said Byron "are the most distinguished and lady-like creatures imaginable. Natural, mild, and dignified, they are formed to be placed at the heads of our patrician establishments; but when they quit their congenial spheres to enact the leaders of fashion, *les dames à la mode*, they bungle sadly."—Byron.

THE CONSTELLATION.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 6, 1852.

VISIT TO THE COAL MINES AT CARBONDALE.

This little village, which is laid down in none of the maps, nor mentioned in the gazetteers, and which is probably almost unknown to many of our readers, has sprung up within a very recent period, and has already attained to a population of nearly two thousand. It is the seat of the coal mines of the Hudson and Delaware Canal Company, and owes its origin and increase to the extensive operations carried on here in excavating the coal, and preparing it for market. It is situated in the northeastern part of Pennsylvania, in the county of Luzerne—lying in a narrow valley between two lofty ridges of mountains, and being intersected by the small stream of the Lackawanna, whence is derived the name of the coal found here.

It was on the Northern bank of this stream—or rather the range of high ground along which it ran on that side—that coal was originally discovered, and upon examination it was found to contain an inexhaustible bed, running at some depth below the surface of the earth. The tract having been purchased by the company, they immediately set to work and diverted the course of the stream into a new channel, which was cut for that purpose, so as to leave the coal bed entirely exposed, and free to their operations. But there were other difficulties to be overcome, and other obstacles to be surmounted, which would have appalled the enterprise of men less determined in their purpose. The coal, when mined, was to find its principal market in New York; but before this could be done, it was to be brought over the mountain, and thence to the North River, a distance of about one hundred and twenty miles, and the whole of this route presented no natural facilities or channel of conveyance, and must necessarily be accomplished by the work of art, constructed at enormous

expense, and at best promising but a tardy and doubtful return for such expenditure. Could any one before the invention of rail roads and the steam engine, have stood on the summit of this mountain, which is more than nine hundred feet above the surface of the valley, and looked down into the deep, dark, and almost impenetrable forest and swamp below, and have been told that from that spot five hundred tons of coal would each day be brought to the height where he stood, and thence pass on and descend the opposite side of the mountain to the North River, he would reasonably have been staggered in his belief of so marvellous a tale—he would have doubted its possibility, and deemed it the scheme of some chimerical enthusiast, whose brain might be skilled in devising, but whose hands would be slow in executing so magnificent a project. And even at this day, when we are all familiar with the powers of steam, and the wonders of rail roads, the undertaking must strike with awe the mind of him who would contemplate it. Here were thick forests to be levelled—morasses and ravines to be surpassed—rugged hills to be dug down, and in short the whole face of nature was to be changed and smoothed down, so as to adapt it to the purposes of art.

The work nevertheless was undertaken—the men who had embarked in it, were too well assured of its immense benefits to be deterred from it by its magnitude. Surveys were made by experienced engineers—a rail road with a double track was laid from the coal bed, over the mountain, fifteen miles in length, and a canal of 105 miles was constructed from thence to Kingston, on the North River. The rail road, on the ascending side of the mountain, is composed of five planes, at the head of each of which is a stationary steam-engine, by means of which the loaded carriages are drawn up, while at the same time the empty ones are let down, a rope of the same length as the plane being used for that purpose, and passing round a set of grooved wheels which are put in motion by the engines. On the descending side of the mountain are three planes, the descent of which is so great that the loaded carriages draw up the empty ones, the preponderance of the load being down—the rest of the distance to the canal is accomplished by two planes, one of six, the other of four miles, upon each of which the loaded carriages descend of their own gravity, and the empty ones are brought back by horses.

We have given but a mere sketch of this part of the works, but sufficient we trust to convey some idea of its magnitude and operation. The canal we did not visit, and can therefore add nothing to what we have already said of it. But the most interesting part of the works, the mines, remains to be described. Of these there are some twelve or twenty—the entrance to which is by an aperture of about 10 feet square, in the bank or high ground we have mentioned above, and the extent of which varies, according to the operations carried on in them. The one we entered was more than six hundred feet in length. Taking lighted candles with us, we followed our guide through a narrow subterraneous passage, in a horizontal direction, meeting the smaller cars conveying coal out, and others returning empty, and passing over deep wells or shafts sunk into the mines below us, till we came near the extremity where the work of excavation was going forward. The mines branch off in different directions as the veins run, and in each of these were men at work—some lying flat on their sides, and with their pick-axes delving into the foot of the coal-beds—others drilling holes above for purposes of blasting with gunpowder—others breaking the coal into pieces and lading it into the cars—and others pushing and drawing these out to the mouth of the mine—a small rail track being laid its whole length. All is a busy, bustling, strange and infernal regionish sort of a scene—the glimmer of the lights in the distance—the smell of gunpowder, and the vapor arising from it—the dark swartly fellows at work—and the general darkness that reigns on every side, where it is not broken by some flickering lamp or candle, all conspire to make a strange impression on the mind of a stranger not altogether free from fear. The height of the mines is pretty uniform, varying from eight to ten feet, and the roof, which is of slate or coal, and is quite even, is supported by huge wooden pillars or props of hemlock—but whether their style of architecture was Corinthian or Ionic we did not particularly take notice. We were glad to group our way back again into the open air and sunshine, after having been immured in darkness for nearly an hour;—the effect of the light on our return was nearly overpowering, but our sight soon recovered itself, and we lingered a while longer to witness the operation of loading the larger carriages, which descend almost to the very mouth of the mines. This is effected by running the carriages into a ditch or dry canal, upon the banks of which the small cars are run, and their loads pitched or dumped directly into them.

We were highly gratified with this view of the

mines, as indeed with every thing we saw here—we found among the engineers the greatest civility and disposition to answer all our enquiries—and at the Railway Hotel we enjoyed every comfort which a traveller could desire. This village, lying among the mountains, is remarkably healthy, and we can confidently recommend it as a place of resort for invalids and families—while the extensive mining operations carried on here must ever ensure a large number of visitors, drawn hither, as were we—by motives of curiosity.

INSTRUCTIVE SPELLING PUZZLE.

Such is the title of a small game we see advertised for the amusement of children. It purports to enable them to spell five hundred words without assistance. Pro-di-gious! would have exclaimed that veteran of pedagogues, the learned Dominie Sampson, had so wonderful an invention been submitted to his notice. A puzzle indeed! it must be an exceedingly easy one, then, to teach children the mystery of dove-tailing letters into syllables, syllables into words, and that, too, without the aid of an instructor. One would suppose that the task were difficult enough for the juvenile faculties even without the help of puzzles—that the simple mental operation was of itself a puzzle. But this notion is now-a-days altogether exploded—in this the age of infant schools and spelling puzzles, new pathways to knowledge are being struck out that put to shame all the old beaten tracks of learning—turnpikes, canals and rail-roads are projected for mind to travel upon as well as matter—locomotive steam-cars are constructed, in which the young idea may shoot along with the rapidity of a Stephenson's Comet or Novity.

Alas! that we should have been born before this glorious era—before this double-quick step in the mighty march of mind—before all these wonderful inventions, by which our children get wisdom with such astonishing facility. In our day the only puzzle to help us over the road of learning, was Noah Webster's spelling-book—a puzzle which our young mind could hardly make out, though quickened at times by the application of the birch.

Seriously, we would enquire, is there not danger from the great multiplication of these modern inventions for rendering easy the first steps of learning, that the very object and end of education may be defeated. If these inventions do remove all obstructions to learning, then where is the mind to obtain that exercise, without which it can never acquire any great strength, but must forever be dependant for support on these artificial aids—must be, as it were, in perpetual leading strings? If they do not afford any great facilities for the acquisition of knowledge, then why should our schools be inundated with such a flood of inventions, of which one supersedes the other with the rapidity that wave follows wave and dashes on the sea shore?

We speak not of the expense attending this multiplication of school books and spelling puzzles—though that is not inconsiderable—but of the utter defectiveness of this system of things to produce any good results—this constant change and innovation, by which children are hurried from one book to another, skimming over the surface of all without gaining any solid instruction from any. These attempts to force the growth of mind, are of the same tendency as hot-beds to plants—they may give an apparent vigor and healthfulness by the artificial excitement kept up around them, but remove the plant or the mind into the open air of day, or the busy scenes of the world, and they are withered by the exposure—it is too cold and trying for them—they may, perchance, become acclimated to it, but the experiment is a doubtful one.

BOYS AND GIRLS LIBRARY. J. & J. Harper. Books particularly devoted to the instruction and amusement of youth are almost daily offered for our notice—and among them is one just issued by the Messrs. Harpers, bearing the attractive title of *Boys and Girls Library*. No. 1 of the series now commenced contains the "Lives of the Apostles and early Martyrs of the Church," by the author of "The Trial of Skill." The history of the martyrs; Stephen, Paul and Andrew, contained in this little volume, are written in a very pleasing style, interwoven with dialogue, and accompanied by a glossary. It is intended, and well calculated for Sunday reading. The Library, if followed up on the plan proposed by the Publishers—and we have no doubt it will be—deserves to receive a very extensive patronage.

THE LIFE OF FREDERIC THE GREAT, by Lord Dover, has just been issued by the same publishers, and we cannot but consider this history as a valuable addition to the Family Library, of which these volumes form the 41st and 42d Nos. Frederic, the Great was undoubtedly an extraordinary man, whether we consider his abilities as a ruler and statesman, or his bravery as a warrior, and his "Life," connected as it is with the history of the European Courts of his time, and abounding with interesting anecdotes and

illustrations, we most cordially recommend to all readers as a work that will amply repay the perusal.

As a specimen of the style of Lord Dover, we cannot do better than select the following anecdote as illustrative of the *passion militaire* of Frederic William, the father of Frederic the Great. To the majority of our readers the extract will be new—it is remarkably well told.

"The anxiety of Frederic William was not confined to the present recruiting of his tall regiment, but it extended also to the future. One of his chief cares was the establishment of a race of giants in his dominions, from among whom his grenadiers might always be replenished. In furtherance of this object he was accustomed, whenever he saw a woman of extraordinary stature, to marry her forthwith to one of his guards, without in the slightest degree consulting her inclinations upon the subject. On one occasion, in going from Potsdam to Berlin, he met a young, handsome, and well-made girl, of an almost gigantic size; he was struck with her, and, having stopped and spoken to her, he learned from herself that she was a Saxon, and not married—that she had come on business to the market at Berlin, and was now returning to her village in Saxony. "In that case," said Frederic William to her, "you pass before the gate of Potsdam; and if I give you a note to the commandant, you can deliver it without going out of your way. Take charge, therefore, of the note which I am about to write, and promise me to deliver it yourself to the commandant, and you shall have a dollar for your pains." The girl, who knew the king's character well, promised all that he wished. The note was written, sealed, and delivered to her with the dollar; but the Saxon, aware of the fate that attended her at Potsdam, did not enter the town. She found near the gate a very little old woman, to whom she made over the note and the dollar, recommending her to execute the commission without delay, and acquainting her at the same time that it came from the king, and regarded some urgent and pressing business. After this our gigantic young heroine continued her journey with as much rapidity as possible. The old woman, on the other hand, hastened to the commandant, who opened the note, and found in it a positive order to marry the bearer of it without delay to a certain grenadier, whose name was mentioned. The old woman was much surprised at this result; she, however, submitted herself, without murmuring, to the orders of his majesty; but it was necessary to employ all the power of authority, mingled with alternate menaces and promises, to overcome the extreme repugnance, and even despair, of the soldier. It was not till the next day that Frederic William discovered he had been imposed upon, and that the soldier was inconsolable at his misfortune. No other resource then remained to the king but to order the immediate divorce of the new-married couple."

THE DRAMA.

The Park Theatre continues its attractions, and the Manager has the satisfaction of finding that his exertions to please are properly appreciated by the public. Mr. and Miss Kemble have appeared since our last notice as The Stranger and Mrs. Haller, in The Stranger; Faulconbridge and Lady Constance in King John; Sir Thos. Clifford and Julia in The Hunchback; and as Benedict and Beatrice in Much Ado about Nothing.

We have already spoken so diffusely of the figure, manners, and general style of acting of these "talented strangers," that we shall confine ourselves to a brief notice of two of the pieces in which we have seen them within a week. The new play of The Hunchback we do not consider very attractive, as a whole—but there is in it some beautiful dialogue and fine sentiment. It is well calculated, however, to show the extraordinary powers of the accomplished lady who personated Julia, and so far as we have witnessed Miss Kemble's performances, we consider her best character. On her rejection by Clifford, the struggle between devoted love, and womanly pride and dignity, were never, we venture to say, more forcibly portrayed; it was all we could wish, and all we could imagine such feelings to call forth. Mr. Kemble, in Sir Thos. Clifford, was perfect, but the character is not one to attract much attention. Mr. Clarke was a very good Master Walter.

In Much Ado about Nothing, Miss Kemble's Beatrice was full of animation, sparkling wit, and sarcastic disdain; in her love, full of tenderness, delicately devoted. To say that we were pleased with this performance would be cold—we were charmed—we were captivated, and so were the audience generally. If we may judge from the reiterated applauses. We also heard her more distinctly than on previous occasions, and her beautifully expansive forehead was not so much obscured by her ringlets. Mr. Kemble personated Benedict with all the vigor of youth, and in the elasticity, beauty, and perfection of his performance, we forgot that he was not a young cavalier of 25. Mr. Richings as the Prince, Mr. Barry as Clau-

dio, and Mr. Clarke as Leonato, all sustained their characters well, and the whole performance was very satisfactory.

Mr. Hackett took his farewell benefit on Wednesday evening. As a gentleman and an actor he is universally esteemed, and our best wishes accompany him across the Atlantic.

Mr. and Miss Kemble's first engagement closed last evening with the benefit of Mr. Kemble.

We are indebted to a valuable correspondent for the following criticism on the performance of a young debutant at the Park Theatre.

On Wednesday evening, Mr. Wm. H. Simmons made his first appearance on the public stage in the arduous character of Richard III. We confess that our expectations were highly raised by the announcement that this gentleman was to appear on the stage. We had attended a number of his lectures on elocution delivered last winter in this city, and had been most favorably impressed by his readings and recitations. He seemed, indeed, a perfect master of the human voice, displaying a just conception of the authors he recited, together with great taste and power in his style of oratory. The success which attended this course of lectures, may, perhaps, have led Mr. Simmons to the stage—but the transition was greater, we think, than he had previously contemplated. On the stage success depends as much on the manner of acting as of speaking, and to acquire the first one must submit to a long course of pupillage and practice on the stage itself—for in the study it can never be attained. It was here that Mr. Simmons failed—he showed at times but too plainly his utter inaptitude to the business part of the character—his attention seemed distracted between the reading and the acting, so that both suffered severely at his hands. There were passages in his performance, however, which would not have discredited a veteran actor—the tent scene, in particular, was extremely well played—there was a Keen-like desperation about it—but here, *en passant*, we must beg of Mr. Simmons not to distort his naturally good countenance into so many unmeaning grimaces—the effect, in some parts of his performance, was most *extra*. Before taking leave of this gentleman, we would suggest to him the propriety of practising at some Amateur theatre before he again appears in public—it will be no discredit to him; it was the school in which Forrest learnt, and it is the only path by which he can hope to attain any eminence in his new profession.

PHILADELPHIA.—Forrest made his first appearance for the season in Arch-street in the Gladiator, on the 24th; the house was crowded. On Tuesday (25th) Hackett played Nimrod Wildfire, and was as usual excellently comic. C. Kean and Mrs. Knight are engaged.

At the Chestnut-st. Theatre, Sinclair and Madame Feron have just terminated a very successful engagement. The Ravel family have exhibited at this theatre their astonishing feats of strength and agility. Miss Vincent has also appeared.

The tragedy of "Lamora," by Mrs. C. L. Hentz, has been produced at Cincinnati. Its second representation will be at Louisville, at which place Barton and Scott are engaged to perform in it.

THE GUN STORY.

The London Metropolitan relates an anecdote of a man who invariably told the same story, the subject of which was a gun; for in this statement, like the man in Colton's Locomotive, his imperfect knowledge only permitted him to "ring one bell." As we happen to be acquainted with the original fact, with the permission of "The Metropolitan," we will relate the anecdote as nearly as possible in the words of *le premier raconteur*.

Macklin, so celebrated for his performance of Shylock, was a man of remarkably strong natural talents, and of extremely social habits; but from the scantiness of his early education, (a want which he nobly redeemed in more advanced life) he sometimes found it unsafe to venture far into the depths of animated converse. With the enthusiasm that always accompanies true genius, he was in the habit of studying in the morning some subject that he purposed for his evening's theme. It happened one day, from some unforeseen circumstance, that no book was accessible to him but a treatise on gunnery; with his usual ingenuity of converting to his purpose a subject for conversation, he devoted his morning to the perusal of the treatise.

In the evening, when he joined the social circle, (which in his days was generally at some respectable tavern, *soirees and conversations* being then unknown) he sat as a listener for some time, pondering in what manner he should introduce his subject;—a pause in the conversation afforded him the opportunity he had wanted, for suddenly starting, he exclaimed—"Bless my soul!—there's a gun!" As may be supposed, no other guest had heard the imaginary report, but Macklin was positive, and insisted that the landlord should be immediately summoned. The host accordingly

made his appearance, and was duly questioned by the guests, and *cross questioned* by Macklin; but he assured them that no fire-arms of any description had been discharged in his house, nor, from enquiry, at any of his neighbours. "Well," said Macklin, "then, gentlemen, I must have been mistaken, but I thought I had heard a report, for I am somewhat cautious of fire-arms; though I think the art of gunnery when thoroughly understood—" and now he ingeniously employed all the subject of his morning's study, and of which he spoke *con amore*, being perfectly master of his subject. F. D.

HALY CENTS.—In the Conn. Gazette is an advertisement for half cents, a coin which it appears the new Post-office at Norwalk is very deficient of; the advertiser is rather spicy on the occasion of his being regularly "shaved" on his appearance at the P. O. of that place. This is another illustration of the evils of a double currency.

ENORMOUS SUN-FLOWER.—In the garden of Jesse Green, farmer in Upper Providence, Delaware county, was grown this season, a sun-flower, a perfect giant in the kingdom of Flora—it was eighteen inches across the face of the flower, and four feet eight inches in circumference.

CALVIN EDGON.—Dr. Scudder, of the American Museum, has received information of the death of this unfortunate man, at his residence in Randolph, Vermont. The mysterious cause of his excessive emaciation and enormous appetite, has at length been determined; on opening the body a *Tapes Mesenterica* or Tape worm of the surprising length of 14 feet was discovered, and which was the ultimate cause of his decease.

We would invite attention to an advertisement in another column, of the *MERCHANTS' HOTEL*, 108 Broad street. This establishment is under the direction of Messrs. Thurston and Hall, the latter well and most favorably known to the public as the late proprietor of the Franklin House, New Haven. The Merchants' Hotel is very conveniently situated for men of business, and they will be sure to find there every comfort and attention they may desire.

Our Correspondent V. will, on a reference to our pages, find that the substance of his communication has already been noticed.

THE PRINTER'S LOVE.

We love to see the blooming rose
In all its beauty dressed;
We love to hear our friends disclose
The emotions of the breast.

We love to see a ship arrive,
Well laden to our shore—
We love to see our neighbors thrive—
And love to bless the poor.

We love to see domestic life
With uninterrupted joys—
We love to see a youthful wife
Not pleased with trifling toys.

We love all these—yet far above
All that we ever said,
We love—what every PRINTER loves,
To have SUBSCRIPTIONS paid.

AN INDIANA PICTURE.—[The Literary Gazette quotes Mr. Ferrall, a new English traveller, with a proper commentary.]—The following is something in Mrs. Trollope's manner. But, after all, the pith of these matters lies more in the names or titles given to the parties than in the degraded state of the people. Call some of our lower orders counsellors, majors, judges, and colonels;—and you will have similar pictures of brutality.

"One day while getting our horse fed at a tavern in Indiana, the following conversation took place between the persons there assembled. We were sitting at the door, surrounded by captains, lawyers, and squires, when one of the gentlemen demanded of another if there had not been a 'gouging scrape' at the 'colonel's tavern' the evening before. He replied in the affirmative; and after having related the cause of quarrel, and said that the lie had been given, he continued, 'the judge knocked the major right over, and jumped on him in double quick time—they had it rough and tumble for about ten minutes—Lord J—s Ah—y!—as pretty a scrape as ever you see'd—the judge is a wonderfully lovely fellow.' Then followed a description of the divers punishments inflicted by the combatants on each other—the major had his eye nearly 'gouged' out, and the judge his chin almost bitten off. During the recital, the whole party was convulsed with laughter—in which we joined most heartily."

LITERARY MEN IN ENGLAND.—There is no doubt that in England literary men, so far from enjoying at present their legitimate power, have not hitherto assumed the station that belongs to them. Look at the difference in France! The main cause here is obvious—the great want of union among literary men. We have serious thoughts of proposing a Brotherhood, which we will venture to say shall be more powerful than any political or masonic, or even priestly body ever established. Who have so clear a right to possess power as those who diffuse knowledge?—*New Month Mag.*

THE LIVING AND THE DEAD.

"TO EVERY THING THERE IS A SEASON."

"Flowers for the gay;—let them wreath their hair
With the blossoms of nature, ever fair—
With the gorgeous tints of the morning prime,
And the prophets of every sunlit clime—
With the lily's and the tulip's glow,
And the rose's blush in its early blow."

Flowers for the gay.

Mirth for the young;—aye, laughter and glee
Are the life and soul of the young and free,
When the mind is pure as the air of God,
And the heart has not yet wandered abroad.
Oh! the young should be joyous when youth is green,
For joy is but rare ever after, I ween."

Mirth for the young.

Much for friends;—dear is that in its power
To tell the soul in its stormy hour.
When adversity comes a-coming along,
To cheer with the smiles of a mellow song—
It is then that the friends of earth seem to find
From the smiling brow and the shining mind."

Much for friends.

Moonlight for lovers.—The silent eve
Is the time for the young their loves to weave
With the graceful moon, from her throne on high,
Rolling the earth in her dreamy rye;
And never a sound but their young hearts' beat—
Is there fairer hour for love to meet?"

Moonlight for lovers.

But when for the dead—Is it hallow of state,
With a funeral review on their nod to wait?
Is it troops of friends and smiles of people,
And all that the remembrance of art can provide?
Or is it the lone and the silent cell,
Where nought but the worm and corruption dwell?"

What for the dead?

The grave for the dead.—How short this stage
Alotted to man for his pilgrimage!
To-day he is, and to-morrow he's gone,
Like a flower of the spring which the sun drenches on;
But should clothing blossoms around it ever,
It falls— it withers—and arises, never!"

The grave for the dead.

MARRIAGE OF LEOPOLD AND LOUISA.
A correspondent of the Morning Herald, writes as follows.

Whatever may be the consequence of Leopold's second marriage, and to a French Princess—whether happiness or the contrary to himself—whether permanence in the present settlement of Europe as regards the relative positions of France and Belgium—they are all now unavoidably incurred. Between the hours of nine and ten o'clock this night he received the hand of the eldest daughter of Louis Philippe, a Princess of whose good qualities those who ought to know her best, speak most highly, and who, amongst her sisters is as remarkable for a countenance as characteristic of the Louis race, as the Princess Charlotte was for her resemblance to George the Third. Compeigne, the town in which this event took place, obtains that honor chiefly in consequence of its being the site of a royal palace or chateau. It stands almost in the centre of the fertile Department of the Oise, and on the banks of that river, and like most of the French *petites villes*, it has a clean and cheerful look, and contains many stone houses of more architectural pretensions, although less neatly finished than those of our English towns in general. Its east and south suburbs are bounded by a royal forest of great extent, which in its range serves as a frame to many of those undulating plains which we are accustomed to abuse, but which waving, as they now are, over every inch of their superficies, with crops of extraordinary richness, and great variety, have a most noble appearance, and seem created to stock the granaries of a nation.

You know that Louis Philippe came here on Sunday last with the Queen, the Dukes of Orleans and de Nemours, and the other members of his family. He was followed on Monday by Leopold, who was attended by a French welcome. Two triumphal arches, composed of laurel branches and flowers, with architectural frame work of painted wood, spanned his route—the one over the bridge of the Oise, and the other over the road without the town, and some hundred yards beyond the former. Upon these were inscriptions, and emblems, of L. L., and escutcheons bearing the lion, emblem of Belgium, and that most apposite representative of la belle France, a *chanteur de chantant*. The Royal Dukes ushered in their future brother-in-law—the troops of the line here, consisting of some three thousand men, cavalry, infantry, and artillery, together with a large force of National Guards from various parts of the department, turned out to meet him, amid the acclamations of the whole population of the place was borne to the chateau where he was welcomed by the Royal family. Since then there has been a grand review of troops, but, except on that occasion, the royal party have not, up to this moment shewn themselves very much in public. The chief reason for this is, no doubt, the heat of the weather, which is so excessive that the natives seem to undergo a grilling martyrdom in exposing themselves opposite the Palace, and in clinging to its railing, in order to catch a glimpse of its inmates. The latter were occupied most of this day in receiving the officers of the troops, and of the National Guard, and also other functionaries from the neighborhood.

Lady Noel Byron, and her daughter the Hon. Augusta Ada Noel Byron, have for some time been living most retiredly at Brighton. The Hon. Miss Byron, "sole daughter" of the late highly-gifted Nobleman of that title, is now in her 17th year, and a young lady of considerable personal beauty and accomplishments. She will inherit the large fortune of her grandfather, the late Sir Ralph Milbanke Noel, Bart. Lady Byron is co-heir with the Hon. Nathaniel Curzon, eldest son of Lord Scarsdale, of the Barony of Wentworth, (by writ 1523,) now in abeyance, her Ladyship's mother, the late Lady Milbanke, being the sister and co-heir of the late Viscount Wentworth, on whose death, April 17, 1815, the title of Viscount Wentworth, became extinct, but the Barony of Wentworth fell into abeyance between the heirs of the sisters.

The Duke of York's Jewels.—The daily papers talk about a sale of the Duke of York's jewels. Where is the mine from which they sprang? We recollect, that when the search took place in South Audley street, after the demise of his Royal Highness, there were found merely tooth-pick cases, rings, brooches, and seals,—containing cameos and miniatures of a certain female head.—*Court Jour.*

Circular Piano.—We have just seen a piano of this description at Mr. Allen's, in Catherine street, Strand, which we do not hesitate to pronounce one of the most beautiful of all the varieties in this delightful instrument. The constructor has obtained a patent for its principal peculiarity,—namely, a *metaphysical* frame—by virtue of which the whole of the scale is independent of the sounding-board, or any other portion of the wood-work, and consequently the *pitch* never varies, as the alterations of heat and cold act alike on the strings and frame: thus, an entire piano may be tuned in three minutes (in case of a string getting loose, &c.) by any individual, instead of requiring an hour's work from a professor. Then, the beauty and utility of the shape—for when shut, it becomes a circular parlour table, is obviously conspicuous. Several attempts have been already made to construct a round piano—but from the makers' seeking to employ the common wooden frame, these were all abortive, as it would not lie within the necessary compass.—*Land. pap.*

Steam Carriages.—Several scientific gentlemen from London, attended the first public experiment of Mr. Walter Hancock's new steam carriage, at St. Paul's. It ran at the steady pace of eight miles an hour, consuming during the trip of 40 minutes about 25 bushels of coke and 100 gallons of water. The height of the vehicle is nine feet, and it stands 3 feet 8 inches from the ground. It is intended for the Greenwich road, which journey it will perform in 20 minutes. It gave decided satisfaction to the gentlemen assembled.

Cholera.—Mr. Uniacke, a revenue officer, who has but lately come to this part of the country, was attacked by a large body of the peasantry, near Foxford, on Monday last, and nearly killed. The people took him for one of "the French Doctors," who, they imagine, are introducing the cholera in this country, and under the impression that they were rendering a service to the community, knocked him off his horse, carried it and his books off, and but for the timely arrival of a magistrate, and a party of police, he would have fallen a sacrifice to their absurd prejudices and mistake. A short time since Doctor Osborne, one of the medical gentlemen sent down from Dublin to attend to the cholera hospital of this town, narrowly escaped the same fate.—*Mayo Co. Intelligencer.*

"City of the Falls."—Of this plan already mentioned we have these particulars. "The property of Mr. Forsyth, at the Falls, Canada side, has been purchased by an association of gentlemen, who announce their intention to lay out streets and building lots to erect a number of cottages for the accommodation of private families visiting there, together with hot, cold, and shower baths, reading rooms, library and orchestra—in fact to build up a pretty little city on one of the most interesting sites the world affords. They offer building lots for sale for the accommodation of those wishing to erect cottages or houses for permanent residences, and appear to be making arrangements for the general comfort and enjoyment of visitors. The company consists of the Hon. W. Allan, President of the Bank of Upper Canada, James Buchanan, Esq., His Majesty's Consul, New York, the Hon. Thos. Clark, the Hon. J. H. Dunn, Receiver General, Thos. Dixon, Esq., President of the Society of St. George, New York, Lieut. General Murray, of the British Army, James Robinson, Esq., and Samuel Street, Esq."

Phrenology.—The Boston Courier mentions that Dr. Spurzheim gave his introductory lecture in that city on Monday evening. "The audience was most very numerous, but was composed of ladies and gentlemen of a high character for intelligence and intellectual acquirements. We observed many of the most respectable medical professors, and several clergymen among the number. The Lecture was entertaining, and promised instruction as well as amusement to those who attend the contemplated course."

Poetic Friendship.—"Poets, (and I may, I suppose, without presumption count myself among that favored race, as it has pleased the Fates to call me one,) have no friends. On the old principle, that 'union gives force,' we sometimes agree to have a violent friendship for each other. We dedicate, we bewail, we write pretty letters but we do not deceive each other. In short we resemble you fair ladies, when some half dozen of the fairest of you profess to love each other mightily, correspond so sweetly, call each other by such pretty epithets, and laugh in your hearts at those who are taken in by such appearances.—*Byron.*"

Mr. Cooper's new work—the *Heidenmaur*—is just published in this country.

worth, (by writ 1523,) now in abeyance, her Ladyship's mother, the late Lady Milbanke, being the sister and co-heir of the late Viscount Wentworth, on whose death, April 17, 1815, the title of Viscount Wentworth, became extinct, but the Barony of Wentworth fell into abeyance between the heirs of the sisters.

The Duke of York's Jewels.—The daily papers talk about a sale of the Duke of York's jewels. Where is the mine from which they sprang? We recollect, that when the search took place in South Audley street, after the demise of his Royal Highness, there were found merely tooth-pick cases, rings, brooches, and seals,—containing cameos and miniatures of a certain female head.—*Court Jour.*

Circular Piano.—We have just seen a piano of this description at Mr. Allen's, in Catherine street, Strand, which we do not hesitate to pronounce one of the most beautiful of all the varieties in this delightful instrument. The constructor has obtained a patent for its principal peculiarity,—namely, a *metaphysical* frame—by virtue of which the whole of the scale is independent of the sounding-board, or any other portion of the wood-work, and consequently the *pitch* never varies, as the alterations of heat and cold act alike on the strings and frame: thus, an entire piano may be tuned in three minutes (in case of a string getting loose, &c.) by any individual, instead of requiring an hour's work from a professor. Then, the beauty and utility of the shape—for when shut, it becomes a circular parlour table, is obviously conspicuous. Several attempts have been already made to construct a round piano—but from the makers' seeking to employ the common wooden frame, these were all abortive, as it would not lie within the necessary compass.—*Land. pap.*

Steam Carriages.—Several scientific gentlemen from London, attended the first public experiment of Mr. Walter Hancock's new steam carriage, at St. Paul's. It ran at the steady pace of eight miles an hour, consuming during the trip of 40 minutes about 25 bushels of coke and 100 gallons of water. The height of the vehicle is nine feet, and it stands 3 feet 8 inches from the ground. It is intended for the Greenwich road, which journey it will perform in 20 minutes. It gave decided satisfaction to the gentlemen assembled.

Cholera.—Mr. Uniacke, a revenue officer, who has but lately come to this part of the country, was attacked by a large body of the peasantry, near Foxford, on Monday last, and nearly killed. The people took him for one of "the French Doctors," who, they imagine, are introducing the cholera in this country, and under the impression that they were rendering a service to the community, knocked him off his horse, carried it and his books off, and but for the timely arrival of a magistrate, and a party of police, he would have fallen a sacrifice to their absurd prejudices and mistake. A short time since Doctor Osborne, one of the medical gentlemen sent down from Dublin to attend to the cholera hospital of this town, narrowly escaped the same fate.—*Mayo Co. Intelligencer.*

"City of the Falls."—Of this plan already mentioned we have these particulars. "The property of Mr. Forsyth, at the Falls, Canada side, has been purchased by an association of gentlemen, who announce their intention to lay out streets and building lots to erect a number of cottages for the accommodation of private families visiting there, together with hot, cold, and shower baths, reading rooms, library and orchestra—in fact to build up a pretty little city on one of the most interesting sites the world affords. They offer building lots for sale for the accommodation of those wishing to erect cottages or houses for permanent residences, and appear to be making arrangements for the general comfort and enjoyment of visitors. The company consists of the Hon. W. Allan, President of the Bank of Upper Canada, James Buchanan, Esq., His Majesty's Consul, New York, the Hon. Thos. Clark, the Hon. J. H. Dunn, Receiver General, Thos. Dixon, Esq., President of the Society of St. George, New York, Lieut. General Murray, of the British Army, James Robinson, Esq., and Samuel Street, Esq."

Phrenology.—The Boston Courier mentions that Dr. Spurzheim gave his introductory lecture in that city on Monday evening. "The audience was most very numerous, but was composed of ladies and gentlemen of a high character for intelligence and intellectual acquirements. We observed many of the most respectable medical professors, and several clergymen among the number. The Lecture was entertaining, and promised instruction as well as amusement to those who attend the contemplated course."

Poetic Friendship.—"Poets, (and I may, I suppose, without presumption count myself among that favored race, as it has pleased the Fates to call me one,) have no friends. On the old principle, that 'union gives force,' we sometimes agree to have a violent friendship for each other. We dedicate, we bewail, we write pretty letters but we do not deceive each other. In short we resemble you fair ladies, when some half dozen of the fairest of you profess to love each other mightily, correspond so sweetly, call each other by such pretty epithets, and laugh in your hearts at those who are taken in by such appearances.—*Byron.*"

Mr. Cooper's new work—the *Heidenmaur*—is just published in this country.

OUR GALLANT SHIP OLD ENGLAND.

An unpublished Poem of the late Miss Anna Maria Porter.

We labour on a dreadful sea,
By winds and waters driven,
Where thousands strive as well as we,
Beneath a frowning heaven.

From every point fierce tempests blow,
Loud thunders roll around,
And lightnings jolt each instant slow
The dark and dread profound.

Smote by the fiery bolt, behold
What wrecks are scattering wide;
Hulls, masts, sails, now whirlwind, now drift
Into the raging tide.

The boundless deep, the proud estate,
The flag of royal state;
The warrior's boat, the merchant's freight,
Bod to that chaotic state!

Dimly doated, they float afar,
Or crowd our fearful track;
Darkens the sky to gleam of star,
Breaks through its rocky rack.

We bent low on their watery graves,
The cry of men that drown;
Hear endless masts and swathing waves,
As sleep on ship goes down.

And where drive we? Heaven's lights are dim,
Hark to the mighty roar!
Led by the blast, we hurry on
Towards a fatal shore.

Stand not agast, ye Mariners!
Strike off your dumb dismay;
Our helmsman yet the vessel steers—
Woe! woe! the helm gives way!

What hand shall nerve him now? O! time,
Save him that wields the helm!
But leave us not our parts unmans—
Rogue, every man's hand!

We strike! We strike! Ye coward souls!
Ye nations! Ye rash!
O'er all the same destruction rolls,
The same wild sea will dash.

Curse your mad acts, your dastard rage!
But to your posts again;
Ply each his task—strain every nerve,
And prove that ye are men!

Wake you that sleep! and you that dream!
"Mid lights and lowly woe;
Unmarked, it seems, the lightning's gleam,
Unlaid the tempest's woe.

Break off! awake! or say, and do—
Hear, and with heart and lip;
Call on the Ruler of you sky,
To right our gallant ship!—*—Cant. Journal.*

SPECTRAL ILLUSIONS.

On the 30th of December, about four o'clock in the afternoon, Mrs. A. came down stairs into the drawing-room, which she had only a few minutes before quitted, and on entering the room she saw her husband, as he supposed, standing with his back to the fire. As he had gone out to take a walk about half an hour before, she was surprised to see him there, and asked him why he had returned so soon. The figure looked steadfastly at her with a serious and thoughtful expression of countenance, but did not speak. Supposing that his mind was absorbed in thought, she sat down in an arm-chair near the fire, and within two feet at most of the figure, which she still saw standing before her. As its eyes, however, still continued to be fixed on her, she said after the lapse of a few minutes, "Why don't you speak?" The figure immediately moved off towards the window at the farther end of the room, with its eyes still gazing on her, and it passed so very close to her in doing so, that she was struck by the circumstance of hearing no step nor sound, nor feeling her clothes brushed against, nor even any agitation in the air. Although she was now convinced that the figure was not her husband, yet she never for a moment supposed that it was anything supernatural, and was soon convinced that it was a spectral illusion. About a month after this occurrence, Mrs. A. who had taken a somewhat fatiguing drive during the day, was preparing to go to bed about eleven o'clock at night, and, sitting before the dressing-glass, was occupied in arranging her hair. She was in a listless and drowsy state of mind, but fully awake. When her fingers were in active motion among the papillotes, she was suddenly startled by seeing in the mirror, the face of a near relation, who was then in Scotland, and in perfect health. The apparition appeared over her left shoulder, and its eyes met hers in the glass. It was enveloped in grave-clothes, closely pinned, as is usual with corpses, round the head, and under the chin, and though the eyes were open, the features were solemn and rigid. The dress was evidently a shroud, as Mrs. A. remarked even the punctured pattern usually worked in a peculiar manner round the edges of that garment. Mrs. A. described herself as at the time sensible of a feeling like what we conceive fascination, compelling her for a time to gaze on this apparition, which was as distinct and vivid as any reflected reality could be, the light of the candles upon the dressing-table appearing to shine full upon its face. After a few minutes, she turned round to look for the reality of the form over her shoulder; but it was not visible, and it had also disappeared from the glass when she looked again in that direction. On the 26th of the same month, about two p. m. Mrs. A. was sitting in a chair by the window in the same room with her husband. He heard her exclaim, "What have I seen?" And on looking at her, he observed a strange expression in her eyes and countenance. A carriage and four had appeared to her to be driving up the entrance-road to the house. As it approached, she felt inclined to go

up stairs to receive company, but as if spell-bound, she was unable to move or speak. The carriage approached, and as it arrived within a few yards of the window, she saw the figures of the postillions and the persons inside take the ghastly appearance of skeletons and other hideous figures. The whole then vanished entirely, when she uttered the above-mentioned exclamation.—*Sir D. Brewster.*

THE UNITED STATES.

THE QUARTERLY AND THE EDINBURGH REVIEWERS.
We proceed with a further alternate compilation of sketches by Mrs. Trollope, and sketches of her temper and descriptions, by the two antagonist reviewers. The quotations cannot be so nearly parallel as before, owing to the more discursive style of the writers in these portions of their essays.—*Atlas.*

EDINBURGH.

Accounts from foreign parts are always interesting. The subject affords such infinite variety of choice, that there is less excuse when travellers abuse their privileges, and mistake the nature of their powers.—This is particularly the case with a European in America. In whatever light we consider it, it is emphatically the new world. There can be no end of the striking diversities which both nature and society must present in a world so new to us. It is true, two volumes of descriptive prose would be even more tiresome than long vistas of descriptive poetry. But Mrs. Trollope describes better than she thinks; we do not simply mean that she is aware. The mountains and the rivers of America have no complaint to make against her. They lose nothing at her hands. As a painter of scenery, her sketches are more brilliant than those of Captain Hall; and on comparing their two views of the Alleghany, we are informed also more correct. But her vivacity is evidently not of a kind to sit down contented with still life. Nor is there the least reason why she should. Her passion for what is called a good story, and her sarcastic talent for making the most of one, have enabled her to compose a very good American Joe Miller in vulgar life. In this extension of her scheme to the transcription and embellishment of a few sprightly notices of domestic manners, she retains an equal advantage over her predecessor in her droll and dramatic dialogues. As a female critic, she has had a further and invaluable prerogative—that of being able to say out her say even unto the *benedicite*. She is safe from pistols under the impunity of the petticoat; and not a rumour has yet reached us that the ladies threaten to come over and pull caps for the wounded honour of the Union. It would be hard if a champion as zealous as Mrs. Mary Woolstoncroft herself, for the rights and dignities which she alleges are withheld from them by their male oppressors, should have any thing to fear from their resentment. Besides (with the exception of a few young couples, who, too poor or too trifling to keep house, start with living at a boarding-house), they are represented as being generally cold domestic drudges; slaves to the needle, and martyrs to absolute household virtues. Neglected by their husbands, and dominated over by their priests, the spirit of the sex is reduced in them to the unattractive beauty of a quiet yet ungentle exterior, and to the dogged steadfastness of a merely passive courage.

In case Mrs. Trollope had restricted the exercise of her talents to the above departments, she would have attempted nothing for which she was not well qualified; in case she had used a little discretion, and mixed up with her sack and satire a half-penny worth of plain bread and simple justice, we should have found no fault with her. The American susceptibility to criticism, especially to comparative criticism, is a singular weakness in a character of such granite materials. One should have thought that they were too busy and too prosperous to care a pin about it. Of course, if such an infirmity exists at all, it must be proportionately stronger with regard to England than to any other country, from the nature, and frequency, and facility of the comparisons. It is ignorance to suppose that a vanity of this sort implies any unkindness, much less any hostility. No such thing. The temper, however, must be disagreeable occasionally in private intercourse, and may prove injurious in its public consequences. Not the less so, because the national conceit, mistaken for patriotism, out of which it springs, is a plant of true English growth. All strangers who have to deal with the mother country know it well. We wish it had not stood transplanting; but it seems to grow ranker in their luxuriant soil.

QUARTERLY.

Mrs. Trollope shifts the scene from the bustling pig-crowded streets of Cincinnati to a pretty cottage at the foot of the hills of Ohio, in which she and her family fondly hoped to be free from intrusion;—but in vain.

"No one dreams of fastening a door in Western America; I was told it would be considered as an affront by the whole neighbourhood. I was still exposed to perpetual and most vexatious interruptions from people whom I had often never seen, and whose names still oftener were unknown to me. Those who are natives there, and to the manner born, seem to pass over these annoyances with more skill than I could ever acquire. More than once I have seen some of my acquaintance beset in some way, without appearing at all distressed by it; they continued their employment or conversation with me, much as if no such interruption had taken place."

We have been assured that even in the most refined cities of the United States a family can hardly ever venture to break through this rule of *open doors*, and that the Americans who have lived in England, find

this on their return about the heaviest item in their catalogue of discomforts. But to proceed—here is a specimen of the colloquies thus forced upon Mrs. Trollope at her sequestered *casino*:—

"Well now, so you are from the old country? Ay—you'll see sights here, I guess." "I hope I shall see many." "That's a fact. . . . Why they do say, that if a poor body contrives to be smart enough to scrape together a few dollars, that your King George always comes down upon 'em, and takes it all away. Don't he?" "I do not remember hearing of such a transaction." "I guess they be pretty close about it. Your papers be'n't like ours, I reckon? Now we says and prints just what we likes." "You spend a good deal of time in reading the newspapers?" "And I'd like you to tell me how we can spend it better. How should freemen spend their time, but looking after their government, and watching that them fellows as we gives offices to, does their duty, and gives themselves no airs?" "But I sometimes think, sir, that your fences might be in more thorough repair, and your roads in better order, if less time was spent in politics." "The Lord! to see how little you knows of a free country? Why, what's the smoothness of a road put against the freedom of a free-born American? And what does a broken zig-zag signify, comparable to knowing that the men what we have been pleased to send to Congress, speaks handsome and straight as we chooses they should?" "It is from a sense of duty, then, that you all go to the liquor stores to read the papers?" "To be sure it is, and he'd be no true-born American as didn't. I don't say that the father of a family should always be after liquor, but I do say that I'd rather have my son drunk three times in a week, than not to look after the affairs of his country."

If our English party, over-bored by these free-and-easy visitors, strayed abroad, they were liable it appears, to find the picturesque not a little interfered with by their old town enemies, the hogs:—

"Immense droves of them were continually arriving from the country by the road that led to most of our prettiest valleys, and worse still, were slaughtered beside the prettiest streams. Another evil threatened us from the same quarter, that was yet heavier. Our cottage had an ample piazza, (a luxury almost universal in the country houses of America,) which, shaded by a group of acacias, made a delightful sitting room; from this favourite spot we one day saw symptoms of building in a field close to it; with much anxiety we hastened to the spot, and asked what building was to be erected there. 'Tis to be a slaughter-house for hogs,' was the dreadful reply. As there were several gentlemen's houses in the neighbourhood, I asked if such an erection might not be indicted as a nuisance. 'A what?' 'A nuisance,' I repeated, and explained what I meant. 'No, no,' was the reply, 'that may do very well for your tyrannical country, where a rich man's nose is more regarded than a poor man's mouth; but hogs be profitable produce here, and we be too free for such a law as that I guess.'"

"During my residence in America, little circumstances like the foregoing often recalled to my mind a conversation I once held in France with an old gentleman on the subject of their active police, and its omnipresent *gens d'armes*; 'Croyez moi, Madame, il n'y a que ceux, a qui ils ont a faire, qui les trouvent de trop.' And the old gentleman was right, not only in speaking of France, but of the whole human family, as philosophers call us. The well disposed, those whose own feelings of justice would prevent their annoying others, will never complain of the restraints of the law. All the freedom enjoyed in America, beyond what is enjoyed in England, is enjoyed solely by the disorderly at the expense of the orderly.—vol. i, p. 147.

We have taken the liberty of putting the concluding remark of the above paragraph in italics, for we desire greatly to call the attention of our readers to a truth which has not before been so distinctly pointed out, but which every page of these interesting volumes, and indeed of every other book which we have read respecting America, tends to confirm. We conceive that the inevitable consequence of extending the democratic principle beyond what used to be considered its due limits, must be to degrade the cause of genuine freedom, and even essentially to diminish the amount of personal liberty in any country. In revolutionized France, where there does not appear to have been any physical or statistical reason for this fatal disturbance in the political scales, we find pretty nearly the same results as in the United States. True freedom has there no existence. There has been, and will be again, abundance of the glare and riot of license, but scarcely a spark of the true flame of liberty. It is with them all noise and smoke, unsupported by any weight of metal, or any justice of aim. Being destitute of national principle, and having no old usages now left to fix their habits, they venerate nothing, and yield, with the wildest delight, to every new flow or gust of the political storms which constitute their precarious atmosphere.

In America, though not exactly in the same way, there is ample license, with all sorts of liberty of action and speech—but only for one class of society—the democrats; scarcely a particle it would seem, for any of the rest. It is true the democrats form the majority, and a very large majority indeed, not only counted numerically, but reckoned by the scale of influence and intelligence, wealth, talents, or any other element of recognized power elsewhere. Then why find fault with it? we may be asked;—why, if the system is such as the great body of the people, including the richest, wisest, and best, choose to prefer, why should

we quarrel with them for persevering in what they approve of? To this we reply, that we have no quarrel with them about it at all. We are in no way disposed to begrudge them their universal suffrage—their general dram-drinking—their occasional camp-meetings—their republican institutions—their eternal electioneering, or any thing else which may to them seem fit and proper. But we must take the liberty to point out to our countrymen that, although this may be all very well for Americans, (since they like it,) nothing can be more utterly repugnant to the feelings and habits of Englishmen, or more completely unsuited to the geographical, statistical, and moral situation in which this country is placed.

Our authors next gives us a chapter on the relative conditions of an English peasant and an American mechanic or farmer, which is throughout curious and instructive; but we must content ourselves with quoting a few of its remarks as to the 'woman-kind'—the subject as to which we are always best pleased with this writer:

"It is they who are indeed the slaves of the soil. One has but to look at the wife of an American cottager, and ask her age, to be convinced that the life she leads is one of hardship, privation and labour. It is rare to see a woman in this station who has reached the age of thirty without losing every trace of youth and beauty. You continually see women with infants on their knee, that you feel sure are their grandchildren, till some convincing proof of the contrary is displayed. Even the young girls, though often with lovely features, look pale, thin, and haggard. I do not remember to have seen, in any single instance, among the poor, a specimen of the plump, rosy, laughing physiognomy, so common among our cottage girls. The horror of domestic service, which the reality of slavery, and the false of equality, have generated, excludes the young women from that sure and most comfortable resource of decent English girls; and the consequence is, that with a most irreverent freedom of manner to the parents, the daughters are, to the full extent of the word, domestic slaves. This condition, which no periodical merry-making, no village *fete*, ever occurs to cheer, is only changed for the still sadder burdens of a teeming wife. They marry very young; in fact, in no rank of life do you meet with young women in that delightful period of existence between childhood and marriage, wherein, if only tolerably well spent, so much useful information is gained, and the character takes a sufficient degree of firmness to support with dignity the more important parts of wife and mother. The slender, childish thing, without vigor of mind or body, is made to stem a sea of troubles that dims her young eye and makes her cheek grow pale, even before nature has given it the last beautiful finish of the full grown woman.

"We shall get along," is the answer in full, for all that can be said in way of advice to a boy and girl who take it into their heads to go before a magistrate and get married! And they do get along, till sickness overtakes them, by means, perhaps, of borrowing a kettle from one, and a tea-pot from another; but, intemperance, idleness, or sickness will, in one week, plunge those who are even getting along well, into utter destitution; and where this happens, they are completely without resource.

"The absence of poor-laws is, without doubt, a blessing to the country, but they have not that natural

and reasonable dependence on the richer classes which in countries differently constituted, may so well supply their place. I suppose there is less *alms-giving* in America than in any other Christian country on the face of the globe. *It is not in the temper of the people either to give or to receive.*—vol. i, p. 163-168.

We give this lady's words as she chooses to publish them; but it is needless to say, are very far from subscribing to the *breadth* of some of her conclusions. It will not be on the strength of one, or of one hundred travellers, that we shall believe *alms-giving* to be reluctant, where it is really required, in a society which produces such minds and tempers as some we have ourselves come in contact with. Who that reads such books as the recent biographies of Lucretia Davidson, Edmund Griffin, and Dr. Hardt, will permit himself to believe that the old root of English feeling has been so thoroughly dried up, as Mrs. Trollope seems to have persuaded herself?

EDINBURGH.

"How is the heart (the female heart, no less than others) deceitful above all things! During an illness, under which she wintered at Alexandria, Mrs. Trollope revised her notes for publication, and with strict self-examination challenged every expression of disapprobation. Having suppressed the details which, though true, might be ill-natured, she retained no more than was necessary to convey the impression which she received. What might not the public reasonably have looked for, from a sick-bed so conscientiously employed? But dislike, which in all dispositions calls on our poor nature for a considerable effort before neutrality of judgment can be acquired, in certain dispositions is stronger even than death itself. However, in this respect, there is one point of view in which Mrs. Trollope has again the advantage over Captain Hall. She does not fancy that she is the pattern of good humour and impartiality. She is aware of her antipathy, and has an Amazonian pride in it. 'I speak of the population generally, as seen in town and country, among the rich and the poor, in the slave states, and the free states. I do not like them, I do not like their principles, I do not like their manners, I do not like their opinions.'

After this avowal of her aversion, we can hardly call our author—our fair author. The least that a

person intending to preserve for herself a character of fairness under such circumstances ought to have done, would have been to revise her impressions as well as her notes;—carefully to compare her opinions with those of former travellers, examine her own character and behaviour as well as theirs, see what had been her real opportunities, and suspect herself at last of flattery or vapours, or cynicism, or some other personal disqualification, when she found that the view which she had taken of America was even more unfavorable than any which had been yet conveyed in professional and wilful libels.

But are the stories true? The literal truth of every story in the book, is no exculpation from a charge of falsehood, where a false impression is left behind. A single sentence taken by itself may give a totally incorrect notion of the context of a book. In the same manner, the experience of a single traveller, much more individual anecdotes, taken out of the frame of general society, and judged of without due regard to circumstances, may be individually true, yet generally false. Mrs. Trollope is fully aware of this, and of the possibility that her use of the word "Americans" may be too general. She begins, therefore, by protecting herself against a charge of injustice, with admitting, that what she has seen may be local only; yet she forgets the distinction so soon, generalizes so broadly, and states her general results in such comprehensive terms, that she must be aware the interests of truth gain nothing by a distinction which, as she manages it, is merely verbal. The universality of her subsequent language is a departure from the plea. She says, that it has been her object, in speaking of the customs of the people, to give an idea of what they are generally. In this point of view, what qualifications must a good story, when pronounced upon as an individual fact, require, in order to become nationally true? We are satisfied that nine-tenths of her book require serious qualification. Yet we have remarked only two exceptions—one is, that of a literary milliner taking the lead in society at New Orleans; the other, that of Young Nick, the chicken-merchant, and perhaps the future President,—where the reader is advised that the anecdote is not given as characteristic in all respects of America. In the division of what she praises and what she blames, the sneering is dressed out with her most picturesque effect; her approbation and notice of "unfailing kindness" evaporate in vain commonplace expressions, which nobody can remember, and few will even observe. Mrs. Trollope is too sure in these matters not to know that when she has lodged her sting, a few banal words are not likely to remove it. The attempt to pass off together the voice of Jacob and the hands of Esau, and to combine the credit of candour with the gratification of malice, is not a new one. The substance of the facts has, in most cases, very possibly occurred; although we have heard strong evidence against the probability of some of them. The adroitness with which they have been doctored, gingered, and got up, resembles the skill of a clever horse-dealer preparing for a fair. She tells us little really new of what is unpleasant in America, little which other people do not also tell us. The fault is, that she tells us nothing else. She omits all explanatory and qualifying circumstances; surrounds every thing with a looming, discolouring, and distorting atmosphere, and then feels entitled to leave her dupes to their own discretion. Mrs. Candour is justified. She has said nothing positively untrue. A comparison with writers of real candour will break the spell.

Mrs. Trollope's book is the evidence on one side only; evidence partially selected, and delivered in an insulting *a-kimbo* style.

Those who abused the 'German Prince,' and laud the English lady, must reconcile their contradiction to some other passion than a love of truth. Mr. Dusey assures us, that 'the late publication of the Tour of Prince Puckler-Muskau, is a fulsome eulogy of English usages, compared with Mrs. Trollope's account of American manners.'

QUARTERLY.

We have confined our extracts and remarks chiefly to the staple commodity of these volumes; but there are many other topics treated upon with much skill and good taste, and occasionally with a most attractive degree of originality. We are not sure, for example, that the comparative influence of slavery and democracy on national manners was ever put in so clear a light as in the following few sentences:—

"We were three days in reaching Wheeling, where we arrived at last, at two o'clock in the morning; our rooms, with fires in them, however, were immediately ready for us, and refreshments brought, with all that sedulous attention which in this country distinguishes a slave-state. In making this observation I am very far from intending to advocate the system of slavery; I conceive it to be essentially wrong; but so far as my observation has extended, I think its influence is far less injurious to the manners and morals of the people than the fallacious ideas of equality, which are so fondly cherished by the working classes of the white population in America. That these ideas are fallacious is obvious, for, in point of fact, the man possessed of dollars does command the services of the man possessed of no dollars; but these services are given grudgingly, and of necessity, with no appearance of cheerful good-will on the one side, or of kindly interest on the other. I never failed to mark the difference on entering a slave state. I was immediately comfortable, and at my ease, and felt that the intercourse between me and those who served me was profitable to both parties and painful to neither.

It was not till I had leisure for more minute ob-

servation that I felt aware of the influence of slavery upon the owners of slaves; when I did, I confess I could not but think that the citizens of the United States had contrived, by their political alchemy, to extract all that was most noxious both in democracy and in slavery, and had poured the strange mixture through every vein of the moral organization of their country;—vol. i., p. 261.

The authoress makes some stay in Philadelphia, and of course describes a state of society much more refined, in many respects, than she had ever encountered beyond the Alleghenies. She was however greatly disgusted in visiting their Museum.

"The following passage will, no doubt, be considered as utterly savage.

"I heard an Englishman, who had been long resident in America declare that in following, in meeting, or in overtaking, in the street, on the road, or in the field, at the theatre, the coffee-house, or at home, he had never overheard Americans conversing without the word *politeness* being pronounced between them. Such unity of purpose, such sympathy of feeling, can, I believe, be found nowhere else, except, perhaps, in an ants' nest;—vol. ii., pp. 104, 105.

Bad, however, as the above may be considered, we submit that it is by no means more cruel than the usual strain of American orators when indulging themselves, on the 4th of July, in their annual portraits of 'the old country' and its manners. Mrs. Trollope had the satisfaction of hearing from a Mr. Rush, at Philadelphia, (no relation we hope to the late minister of that name,) a patriotic philippic, of which she gives this specimen:—

"In looking at Britain, we see a harshness of individual character in the general view of it, which is perceived and acknowledged by all Europe; a spirit of unbecoming censure as regards all customs and institutions not their own; a ferocity in some of their characteristics of national manners, pervading their very pastimes, which no other modern people are endowed with the blunted sensibility to bear; an universally self-assumed superiority, not innocently manifesting itself in speculative sentiments among themselves, but unnamably indulged when with foreigners, of whatever description, in their own country, or when they themselves are the temporary sojourners in a foreign country; a code of criminal law that forgets to feel for human frailty,—that sports with human misfortune,—that has shed more blood in deliberate judicial severity for two centuries past, constantly increasing, too, in its sanguinary hue, than has ever been sanctioned by the jurisprudence of any ancient or modern nation, civilized and refined like herself; the merciless whippings in her army, peculiar to herself alone, the conspicuous commission and freest acknowledgment of vice in the upper classes; the overweening distinctions shown to opulence and birth, so destructive of a sound moral sentiment in the nation, so baffling to virtue. These are some of the traits that rise up to a contemplator of the inhabitants of this island;—vol. ii., pp. 129—131.

Long as our article has become, we must not omit the summing up contained in the author's last two or three pages. We have put in italics one or two sentences which, perhaps, she would have done well to introduce earlier in her work:—

"I remember hearing it said, many years ago, that it was the 'who?' and not the 'where?' that made the difference between the pleasant or unpleasant residence. The truth of the observation struck me forcibly when I heard it; and it has been recalled to my mind since, by the constantly recurring evidence of its justness. In applying this to America, I speak not of my friends, nor of my friends' friends. The small patrician band is a rare apart; they live with each other; mix wondrously little with the high matters of state, which they seem to leave rather suspiciously to their tailors and tinkers, and are no more to be taken as a sample of the American people, than the head of Lord Byron as a sample of the heads of the British Peerage. I speak not of these, but of the population generally, as seen in town and country, among the rich and the poor, in the slave states and the free states. I do not like them. I do not like their principles. I do not like their manners. I do not like their opinions."

Whatever may be said as to particular points of this lady's description of America, it must be allowed to be a remarkable fact, that almost every English liberal accustomed to the social habits of the upper classes in this country, who has recently travelled in the United States, appears to have come back a convert to the old-fashioned doctrines of Toryism. Captain Hall went out with his head quite exalted as to the ineffable advantages of republican institutions—an ultra-whig in Church and State;—we all know the result of his experiences. We have now before us the story of a lady who also carried with her to the New World the most exaggerated notions of liberalism, and who seems to have returned, if possible, a stouter enemy of all such notions than the gallant captain himself; and if certain MS. journals, which we have been allowed to peep into, were printed, the catalogue would include names of even higher importance than these. Mr. Thomas Moore did not, indeed, return unwhipped, but he has dealt with American manners not less hardly than Mrs. Trollope.

EDINBURGH.

Captain Hall and Mrs. Trollope have one and the same specific for the maladies of the Americans. It is the Tory toast, in the Tory sense of it—Church and King. Captain Hall's objections to the people took a droll and paradoxical form, when he summed up their deficiencies as consisting in a 'want of loyalty.' During the American war, a French and English cor-

poral, drinking together with a Yankee, are reported to have settled the question with equal facility, at the Republican's expense. 'I am fighting for King Louis, and you are fighting for King George; but this fellow does not know whom he is fighting for.'

The heretical odour of republicanism is smelt in tipping and in mint-jump. The Romans placed drunkenness amongst the most odious vices. The Greeks betook themselves to male drinking-bouts as a pleasure. But the great kings made it their pride, and that too in a Mahomedan climate. It was one of the points in the character of Cyrus, which his courtiers most magnified. Darius Hystaspes had his merits in this line written on his tomb. So much for systems.

After this rationale of gin-tail on the part of our lady, we are not surprised at finding, that in her estimate of human nature, the serious standard interests of morals, and of religion are considered to be safer under the caprices of an individual monarch, and under the close prejudices of a corporation, than when they are preserved and vivified by the free current and circulation of the public opinion of mankind. We were struck by one instance which excited her virtuous indignation, and which, as is usual, is given as conclusive, on the honesty of the American people. It is the case of an individual who had made a large fortune, dishonestly, in foreign parts, being afterwards well received in society at home. We know now of a merchant who made £33,000 out of the double bounties, by sea-sawing between England and Ireland the same bales of Irish linens, under an outside layer of printed cottons put on at Liverpool. He was at last detected, but he walks the 'Change none the worse.

Let only an American Mrs. Trollope keep a Note-Book for a year in a Bath boarding-house—dine at our provincial ordinaries on market-day—look up the back lanes of our manufacturing towns, and in at the alehouses of our village—pass two years at the nearest approach to an English Cincinnati, a bustling town springing up near some mechanic's 'privilege of water!' If she had time to review our remote clergy, non-resident rectors, and starving curates—to make the tour of our churches and Caledonian chapels—to take down the unremarkable and remarkable passages of our sermons—to step into our courts at law, when Mr. Alvey and Mr. Adolphus were wrangling, when Sir Edward Sugden was exercising his petulant supremacy, or Lord Wynford hearing a Scotch appeal—if she could only peep at our Houses of Parliament whilst Sir Charles Wetherell was collecting his attitudes, and Lord Cairnmaron his vocabulary for a speech—or stand at the door whilst the message for a dissolution was delivering—alas! * * * * * Were such a calamity to befall us, our answer would be as follows: Facts like these prove nothing but the variety of human nature in a country, where, thank God, 'every man has his humour;' and the difficulty of reasoning broadly on such a subject. English merchants and writers have attacked, and do still attack, the law of debtor and creditor in the United States;—we think with justice, thus far, and as long, at least, as their law allows a debtor to give an iniquitous preference to one or more favoured creditors over the rest. Mr. Webster, however, has rejoined by referring to the bankrupt and insolvent laws of England, where millions of debt have been paid by a penny in the pound. We have heard Mr. Montague say in the Court of Chancery, that on our present system, a London tradesman was thought to owe it to his family to be a bankrupt twice. Upon this sort of case, Mr. Webster, in a Review, now printed with his speeches, asks, 'If we were to try our hand at such a paragraph as Mr. Bristed has written, and the Quarterly Review has cited against us, might we not say, "England is not a country for a man to recover his debts. All her merchants, who are debtors, are provided for, by what she calls her system of Bankruptcy, a stupendous system, which many of her most eminent lawyers have been honest enough to confess was productive of unmeasured fraud and injustice; and as to all the rest of her subjects who may owe any thing, there is the Insolvent Debtors' Court, where any body may be discharged; and of this Court it is enough to say, that during all its existence, although no man can be discharged without surrendering all his property, which the law says shall go to his creditors, yet in truth no creditor ever gets any thing. How much the officers of the Court get we do not know; and what becomes of that part which they do not get, we do not know, but we do know that the creditor gets nothing." In the spirit, however, of a gentleman and a lover of truth, he forbears. The feeling under which he forbears covers the whole case of these national imputations—wide as they may drag their net. We beg our imaginary American Mrs. Trollope, before she publishes against us the counterpoison which we have supposed her to have collected, to listen to her countryman. 'It is hardly fit to write such paragraphs, even for the mere purpose of showing how easily they may be written. It is a dangerous curiosity to commit sins, only to learn or to show with what facility sins may be committed.'

Mrs. Trollope's style has, it must be admitted, great smartness; she moves trippingly along; 'her very foot speaks.' On looking closer, however, we are warranted in complaining that, throughout two volumes, she has not made a single sensible observation on any important subject.

VAUCANSON'S DUCK OUTDONE!—[We have received the following note.—*Ed. Lit. Gaz.*—Sir, I have just read your marvellous account of M. Vaucanson's Duck, as described in Sir D. Brewster's *Natural Magic*, and resume you will not be disinclined to insert an account of a whole Stock, still more extraor-

dinary, which have come under my own observation, and which also "have excited much interest in Europe." My Duck is so constructed that it not only eats and drinks usual food with avidity, but can maintain itself in full feather and activity upon Bubbles, which daily rise to the surface on the spot set apart for it to Dabble in. Not only does its anatomical structure exhibit the highest skill, but it is endowed with a moral perception, hardly equalled by any automata hitherto produced. For example, it shows no signs of terror if larger creatures are opposed to it, and will face a Bull or a Bear with a remarkable degree of courage, though either the one or the other may lame it for ever. Its motions are curious. Day after day you can see it, strutting about with all the dignity of a peacock, and it would seem as if nothing could alter this motion; but by and by, at a fixed period, when it is calculated to Settle, a very great Change is observable, and my Duck Waddles in a fashion altogether different, and becomes invisible at least for a season. If its plumage, thus torn off, is restored, it will perform the same extraordinary things again; for which I pledge you my word (for I have witnessed it repeatedly), though almost beyond Credit. It is called "the Lame Duck;" and is sometimes sheltered under a shocking bad hat. I hope Sir D. Brewster will notice this in his next edition of *Natural Magic*; and am, sir, your servant,

N. M. ROTHSCHILD.

Stock Exchange, 5th August.

ROYAL HOBBIES.

ANECDOTE OF THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

As we were leaving the gardens, two officers crossed our path, one of whom, a tall lank figure, who with downcast eyes, the arms folded behind the back, walked a little in advance of the other, forcibly arrested my attention. The expression of his countenance was melancholy in the extreme, while the well-squared epaulettes, compressed waist, swelling chest, and the scrupulous care with which every part of his uniform was arranged, proclaimed the military dandy. It was the King Frederick William, and his aid-de-camp Baron Von S—.

I confess I was struck with the pensive and abstracted air of the monarch. "*Quel air revu!*" I remarked to my companion, an old French general officer, who had kindly taken himself the office of cicerone in my perambulations round Berlin. "*C'est qu'il impute une uniform,*" he replied, with a smile, "to-morrow the *Gazette* will convey an order to make some alterations in the 'tenue' of the Guards."—What the great Frederick did for tactics, his successor, Frederick William, nicknamed "Der Schneider König," has done for military costume—it has been the constant study of his life. Neither the vicissitudes of his country, the toils of the camp, nor the wiles of diplomacy, have been able to divert him from his favourite pursuit; and it is only justice to say, that the dress of the Prussian army is in the best military taste, uniform throughout, and a-piece with the elaborate drilling of the men, and the science and instruction of the officers. Napoleon testified his surprise at the immense "sarcin" of his Prussian Majesty on this important point, although he complained sadly of being constantly importuned both by Frederick and the Czar Alexander, with such frivolous questions as, "What quantity of padding was requisite for a Hussar's jacket?" or to give an opinion on the form of a Hulo's shako. "Certes," said the Emperor one day to Gen. Rapp, "had the French army at Jena been commanded by a tailor, it would have been a second *Rosbush*."

Numerous and profound are said to have been the colloquies on military uniforms between George the Fourth and Frederick William; and to the valuable hints acquired in these "*entretiens*," may be attributed the splendid appearance of our crack cavalry regiments. Great is also said to be the impatience of our naval dandies for the appearance of the naval uniform of Prussia (for like Austria, this power, since the arrival of the model frigate sent out by our King, is ambitious of becoming a maritime State), they look to the genius of the Prussian Monarch to deliver them from the present hermaphrodite rig with which they are so disfigured and dissatisfied.

The anecdotes related of the ridiculous importance which this Prince attaches to military costume would fill volumes. One of them only we shall venture to quote. Frederick, some years ago, was passing the Curzeit either at Toplitz or Carlsbad. Early one morning a Prussian estafette was observed to leave the place "*centre a terre*." The corps diplomatique was immediately en mouvement; up went the hopes of the war party—down went the Austrian *Métalliques*—three of the first bankers at Leipzig and Vienna stopped payment—Metternich was at fault—Rothschild in a fever—and half a dozen English honourees, attaches to the different legations in Germany, went into galloping consumption from twenty-four hours hard writing—an event unexampled in their diplomatic career. At the expiration of a week, when nothing less than another seven years war was expected by every one, the *Berlin Gazette* tranquilized Germany, by publishing the order of which the estafette was the bearer, and which was nothing more or less than his Majesty's commands to lower the shakes of his Guards, and compress their waists two inches smaller! After all, it is fortunate for Prussia that her Monarch has no more expensive taste. A Pompadour, or a palace, would be much more costly hobby-horses; for in justice to him we must say, that economy and good taste go hand in hand in him, and preside over all his freaks.—*Monthly Mag.*

THE BLOOD HORSE.

By Barry Cornwall.

Gamorra is a dainty steed,
Strong, black, and of noble breed,
Full of fire, and full of bone,
Well all his line of fathers known;
Fine his nose, his nostrils thin,
But blown abroad by the pride within;
His mane is like a river flowing,
And his eyes like embers glowing
In the darkness of the night,
And his pace as swift as light.

Look, how 'round his straining throat
Grace and shifting beauty float!
Sweaty strength is on his reins,
And the red blood gallops through his veins;
Rioler, redder, never ran
Through the bounding heart of man.
He can trace his lineage higher
Than the Bourbon dare aspire,
Douglas, Guzman, or the Godefrid,
Or O'Brien's blood itself!

He, who hath no peer, was born
Here, upon a red Mare's horn,
But his father's fathers dead,
Went Arab all, and Arab bred,
And the last of that great line,
That like one of a race divine,
And yet he was but found to roam,
Whirled him at the set of sun,
By some lone fountain fringed with green,
With him, a roving Bedouin,
He lived—those who would bow
Through all the hot Arabian do,
And died stung upon the sands,
Where Balch amidst the dunes would!

AFRICAN EXPEDITION.—It is with sorrow we have to mention the death of Mr. Calhoun, whose volunteer expedition to Africa, in company with Mr. Tyrrell, has been frequently noticed. The unfortunate traveller, it seems, had scarcely arrived on the fatal coast, when, in spite of all his zeal and enthusiasm, the climate smote him, and he died on the 15th of April.—*Eng. pap.*

From the Atlas.

The commanders of the Packet ships between this port and Liverpool are a lucky race. First and foremost, they are Autocrats of the deck, to the most comfortable, fashionable and splendid vessels in the world, next, they are accommodated regularly with the best society, from Ex-Emperors down (or up) to those of every other class of the travelling community—Literati, Merchants, professional men, diplomats, speculators, artists, &c. &c. *quamplurima*; in the third place, though at sea, they live on the fat of the land flourishingly, they have a brisk, thriving and lucrative business; fifthly, they are the great commissioners of news—a character almost as important among us as that of a Story-teller in the East; sixthly, they are, in consequence, always welcomed to part with a busy attendance of boatmen on shore, and the first place in the journals on land; and seventhly, (and lastly, for our present enumeration,) to crown all when they have been duly paid and praised in private, as between man and man, they are fêted in public, complimented with "cards" of commendation, and the whole affair is concluded with the lasting memorial of an appropriate presentation of Plate. "*Fortissimi virorum, et sua bona norant.*"

The papers contain a complimentary note addressed to Capt. Waite, of the Pacific, by Mr. Kemble, on behalf of himself and fellow passengers, with the expression of their thanks &c. for his attention and professional skill manifested on their voyage from Liverpool. A public dinner was also given to the Captain on the 19th, when he was presented with an elegant silver pitcher bearing this inscription—

TO E. L. WAITE.

Captain of the Pacific,

As a tribute to his professional skill,
and in acknowledgment of his uniform kindness
and liberality during the voyage from Liverpool to
New York, August, 1852.

presented by
His grateful Passengers.

The Globe contains a "Talk," held at the Indian Agency at Prairie du Chien, in which the celebrated Decon and Chacton, Winnebagoes who made prisoners of Black Hawk and the Prophet, each made a speech. We annex that of Chacton. It is addressed to Col. Taylor.

My Father—I am young and do not know how to make speeches. This is the second time I ever spoke to you before people.

My Father—I am no Chief; I am no orator; but I have been allowed to speak to you.

My Father—If I should not speak as well as others, still you must listen to me.

My Father—When you made the speech to the Chiefs Waugh-Ron-Decon Carramanna the One Ford Decon and others 'tother day, I was there. I heard you. I thought what you said to them, you also said to me. You said, if these two (pointing to Black Hawk and the Prophet) were taken by us and brought to you, there would never more a black cloud hang over your Winnebagoes.

My Father—Your words entered into my ear, into my brains, and into my heart.

My Father—I left here that same night, and you know you have not seen me since until now.

My Father—I have been a great way. I have had much trouble; but when I remembered what you said, I knew what you said was right. This made me continue and do what you told me to do.

My Father—Near the Dalle, on the Wisconsin, I took Black Hawk. No one did it but me,—I say this in the ears of all present, and they know it—and I

now appeal to the Great Spirit, our Grand Father, and the Earth our Grand Mother, for the truth of what I say!

My Father—I am no Chief, but what I have done is for the benefit of my nation, and I hope to see the good that has been promised to us.

My Father—That one, Wa-ba-kie-skiek,* is my relation—if he is to be hurt I do not wish to see it.

My Father—Soldiers sometimes stick the ends of their guns (bayonets) into the backs of Indian prisoners when they are going about in the hands of the guard. I hope this will not be done to these men.

* The Prophet.

MARRIED.

In this city, on the 25th, Abraham Westervelt, to Miss Sarah Westervelt.

On the 25th, Samuel B. Bell, to Miss Hannah Taylor.

On the 25th, Samuel Feltner, druggist, to Miss Sarah Hoyt.

On the 25th, John M. Park, to Miss Susanah Calkins.

On the 27th, John T. West, to Miss Eleanor Mary, daughter of James Shaw, Esq.

On the 28th, Edward B. Halsted, to Miss Hannah Catherine McKenney.

At Brooklyn, A. F. Wilson, of Albany, to Miss Henrietta Powers.

At West Point, Lieut. H. Sigartson, of the U. S. States Army, to Miss Mary M., daughter of Major R. Allen, of that place.

At Albany, Dr. H. Van O'Landt, to Miss J. A. Wilson, daughter of Joseph Wilson, Esq.

At Saratoga, N. J. Daniel Backhouse, Esq., of Patterson, to Henrietta, daughter of the late Gen. John Shaw, of New York.

At Glenburgh, Ct. Capt. H. Postman, of New York, to Miss Dorothea Chapman.

At Rochester, L. C. L. R. C. De Long, Esq., to Miss Louise McCurdy.

DIED.

In this city, on the 25th, Mrs. S. Weber, wife of Geo. R. Weber, and daughter of T. Standen, of Shepherdstown, Va.

On the 25th, Lucy Cordelia Brooks, wife of Henry Brooks, and daughter of Eliza H. Brooks, aged 20.

On the 25th, after an illness of 10 years, Mary, wife of Capt. Robert Allen, aged 61.

On the 25th, John Stedil, Esq., President of the Teachers' First Insurance Co.

On the 25th, William H. Hoar, merchant, aged 37.

On the 25th, Joshua, wife of Samuel Deussen, the aged 52.

On the 25th, Michael C. Willis, son of the late George W. Willis, Esq., aged 23.

On the 25th, Archibald S. Rids, aged 35.

On the 25th, Mrs. Esther Trumbull, wife of Arthur Trumbull, aged 43.

At New York, Caroline Hulsman, widow of the late John Hulsman, aged 57.

At the residence of Mr. J. J. and Mrs. J. J. Graham, in Cambridge, Mass., Mrs. Maria S. M. Graham, widow of General Maria of this city, in the 55th year of her age.

A. S. Schuyler, Esq., formerly of Albany, died at the residence of his son, Dr. James G. Schuyler, in New York, on the 25th.

A. W. Schuyler, Esq., formerly of Albany, died at the residence of his son, Dr. James G. Schuyler, in New York, on the 25th.

A. H. Schuyler, Esq., formerly of Albany, died at the residence of his son, Dr. James G. Schuyler, in New York, on the 25th.

A. J. Schuyler, Esq., formerly of Albany, died at the residence of his son, Dr. James G. Schuyler, in New York, on the 25th.

A. K. Schuyler, Esq., formerly of Albany, died at the residence of his son, Dr. James G. Schuyler, in New York, on the 25th.

A. L. Schuyler, Esq., formerly of Albany, died at the residence of his son, Dr. James G. Schuyler, in New York, on the 25th.

A. M. Schuyler, Esq., formerly of Albany, died at the residence of his son, Dr. James G. Schuyler, in New York, on the 25th.

A. N. Schuyler, Esq., formerly of Albany, died at the residence of his son, Dr. James G. Schuyler, in New York, on the 25th.

A. O. Schuyler, Esq., formerly of Albany, died at the residence of his son, Dr. James G. Schuyler, in New York, on the 25th.

A. P. Schuyler, Esq., formerly of Albany, died at the residence of his son, Dr. James G. Schuyler, in New York, on the 25th.

A. Q. Schuyler, Esq., formerly of Albany, died at the residence of his son, Dr. James G. Schuyler, in New York, on the 25th.

A. R. Schuyler, Esq., formerly of Albany, died at the residence of his son, Dr. James G. Schuyler, in New York, on the 25th.

A. S. Schuyler, Esq., formerly of Albany, died at the residence of his son, Dr. James G. Schuyler, in New York, on the 25th.

A. T. Schuyler, Esq., formerly of Albany, died at the residence of his son, Dr. James G. Schuyler, in New York, on the 25th.

A. U. Schuyler, Esq., formerly of Albany, died at the residence of his son, Dr. James G. Schuyler, in New York, on the 25th.

A. V. Schuyler, Esq., formerly of Albany, died at the residence of his son, Dr. James G. Schuyler, in New York, on the 25th.

A. W. Schuyler, Esq., formerly of Albany, died at the residence of his son, Dr. James G. Schuyler, in New York, on the 25th.

A. X. Schuyler, Esq., formerly of Albany, died at the residence of his son, Dr. James G. Schuyler, in New York, on the 25th.

A. Y. Schuyler, Esq., formerly of Albany, died at the residence of his son, Dr. James G. Schuyler, in New York, on the 25th.

A. Z. Schuyler, Esq., formerly of Albany, died at the residence of his son, Dr. James G. Schuyler, in New York, on the 25th.

A. AA. Schuyler, Esq., formerly of Albany, died at the residence of his son, Dr. James G. Schuyler, in New York, on the 25th.

A. AB. Schuyler, Esq., formerly of Albany, died at the residence of his son, Dr. James G. Schuyler, in New York, on the 25th.

A. AC. Schuyler, Esq., formerly of Albany, died at the residence of his son, Dr. James G. Schuyler, in New York, on the 25th.

A. AD. Schuyler, Esq., formerly of Albany, died at the residence of his son, Dr. James G. Schuyler, in New York, on the 25th.

A. AE. Schuyler, Esq., formerly of Albany, died at the residence of his son, Dr. James G. Schuyler, in New York, on the 25th.

A. AF. Schuyler, Esq., formerly of Albany, died at the residence of his son, Dr. James G. Schuyler, in New York, on the 25th.

A. AG. Schuyler, Esq., formerly of Albany, died at the residence of his son, Dr. James G. Schuyler, in New York, on the 25th.

A. AH. Schuyler, Esq., formerly of Albany, died at the residence of his son, Dr. James G. Schuyler, in New York, on the 25th.

A. AI. Schuyler, Esq., formerly of Albany, died at the residence of his son, Dr. James G. Schuyler, in New York, on the 25th.

A. AJ. Schuyler, Esq., formerly of Albany, died at the residence of his son, Dr. James G. Schuyler, in New York, on the 25th.

A. AK. Schuyler, Esq., formerly of Albany, died at the residence of his son, Dr. James G. Schuyler, in New York, on the 25th.

A. AL. Schuyler, Esq., formerly of Albany, died at the residence of his son, Dr. James G. Schuyler, in New York, on the 25th.

A. AM. Schuyler, Esq., formerly of Albany, died at the residence of his son, Dr. James G. Schuyler, in New York, on the 25th.

A. AN. Schuyler, Esq., formerly of Albany, died at the residence of his son, Dr. James G. Schuyler, in New York, on the 25th.

A. AO. Schuyler, Esq., formerly of Albany, died at the residence of his son, Dr. James G. Schuyler, in New York, on the 25th.

ADELPHI HAT AND CAP WAREHOUSE,

103 Canal Street, between Church and Chapel Streets.

C. P. CROCKETT, having taken the above named Store, offers to his friends and the public a handsome assortment of Hats and Caps, of the Latest Fashions and most approved Shapes. His Hats and Caps being all got up under his own inspection, he can warrant them to the public with confidence.

HATS at the following Reduced Prices—\$2.00, \$2.25, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$4.00, \$5.00, \$6.00—All warranted to retain their Shape and Colour. His *Four Dollar Hats* are articles which for lightness, beauty of shape, and brightness of colour, not to be surpassed by any in the city. His *Two and Three Dollar Hats* are splendid articles for the price. Gentlemen are invited to call and examine for themselves.

Hats and Caps of any pattern, made to order at short notice.
New York, October 6, 1852.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENT MANUFACTORY.

THE subscriber offers for sale at his store, 305 Pearl Street, a large and general assortment of Musical Merchandise, manufactured not only by himself, but by the first manufacturers in London, Paris, Dresden, &c., which are warranted complete in every respect. He has the pleasure to offer to the public a number of new Instruments, which are only to be seen in his store—such as the Seraphine, with five octaves complete, within the dimensions of an ordinary Clarinet, of wonderful power and depth of tone, with the delightful timbre of the French horn; the Accordion, with nine keys; and the Machine Trumpets, Concert Horns, and Trombones. On hand a large assortment of key'd Flutes of carved Ebony and Ivory. Stings, and new music for all Instruments, wholesale and retail, at reduced prices.

CHARLES C. CHRISTMAN.
N. B. A list of Sent Words for sale. Oct. 6, 1852.

VISITING CARDS OF THE LATEST FASHION.

JOSEPH PERKINS has just received a large assortment of Visiting Cards, of the latest fashion, and in the most elegant and beautiful productions of the Art. In this respect Mr. P. engages to please his customers, taking particular pains to favour their peculiar tastes, and to furnish them with the most appropriate and useful cards, which he is prepared to be of great importance to one who is in the habit of visiting.

He keeps on hand an assortment of *Richard and Pears*, *Richards*, *Engels*, *French*, *Graham* and *American*, of most brilliant paper, both white and tinted, which he is prepared to furnish in the most perfect manner. Oct. 6, 1852.

CARD.

A. P. FONDA, having deceased of his interest in the Merchants' Hotel to Mr. Louis M. Hill, (late of the Franklin Hotel, New Haven, Conn.) respectfully begs leave to tender his grateful acknowledgments to the guests of the establishment for their liberal patronage while continued by Mr. Thompson and family.

Mr. Fonda's personal friends to continue their patronage to the establishment, as under its present management he is confident a more efficient Host takes his place. Sept. 26th, 1852.

N. B.—All debts due to or from the firm of Thompson & Fonda, will be settled by Henry Thompson.

A. P. FONDA.
HENRY THOMPSON.

STOVES AND GRATES.

H. NOTT & CO. have removed from No. 235 to No. 212 Water-street, and are now prepared to exhibit for sale, and deliver at short notice a very complete assortment of Dr. Nott's improved *Amalgamated Coal Stoves*, all of which are well calculated for *Halls*, *Chlorine*, *Offices*, *Stores*, *Shops*, *Warehouses*, *Ships*, *Cabins*, *Hots* and *Green Houses*, or any other situation where heat is a convenience, whether high or low, as required. Also, the *Barometric and Saranac Grates* of various sizes, an article well adapted for heating Parlours, Nurseries, Bill Rooms, &c., as it stands in the Fire Place, takes up no more room than the common Grate, and still combines the advantage of the open Grate and close Stove, which for its safety, cleanliness, and general neatness of appearance, is surpassed by no article of the kind in use, and can, if desired, have a front that will furnish all the advantages of an open Grate. The *Stoves and Grates* of this year are constructed as to burn either *Anthracite* or *Brownish Coal*, or *Wood*; and the public are respectfully invited to call at our Warehouse, No. 212 Water-street, and examine the same. Oct. 1, 1852.

ANOTHER \$30,000 SOLD BY SYLVESTER.

THIS is the fact—as it was held by Mr. Matthew Watson, of the firm of Watson & Gibson, Nashville, Tenn. Every week, the very best prizes are sure to be distributed by SYLVESTER.

Official drawing of the New York Lottery, Class No. 35, Oct. 3—14—15—16—17—18—19—20—21—22—23—24—25—26—27—28—29—30—31—32—33—34—35—36—37—38—39—40—41—42—43—44—45—46—47—48—49—50—51—52—53—54—55—56—57—58—59—60—61—62—63—64—65—66—67—68—69—70—71—72—73—74—75—76—77—78—79—80—81—82—83—84—85—86—87—88—89—90—91—92—93—94—95—96—97—98—99—100—101—102—103—104—105—106—107—108—109—110—111—112—113—114—115—116—117—118—119—120—121—122—123—124—125—126—127—128—129—130—131—132—133—134—135—136—137—138—139—140—141—142—143—144—145—146—147—148—149—150—151—152—153—154—155—156—157—158—159—160—161—162—163—164—165—166—167—168—169—170—171—172—173—174—175—176—177—178—179—180—181—182—183—184—185—186—187—188—189—190—191—192—193—194—195—196—197—198—199—200—201—202—203—204—205—206—207—208—209—210—211—212—213—214—215—216—217—218—219—220—221—222—223—224—225—226—227—228—229—230—231—232—233—234—235—236—237—238—239—240—241—242—243—244—245—246—247—248—249—250—251—252—253—254—255—256—257—258—259—260—261—262—263—264—265—266—267—268—269—270—271—272—273—274—275—276—277—278—279—280—281—282—283—284—285—286—287—288—289—290—291—292—293—294—295—296—297—298—299—300—301—302—303—304—305—306—307—308—309—310—311—312—313—314—315—316—317—318—319—320—321—322—323—324—325—326—327—328—329—330—331—332—333—334—335—336—337—338—339—340—341—342—343—344—345—346—347—348—349—350—351—352—353—354—355—356—357—358—359—360—361—362—363—364—365—366—367—368—369—370—371—372—373—374—375—376—377—378—379—380—381—382—383—384—385—386—387—388—389—390—391—392—393—394—395—396—397—398—399—400—401—402—403—404—405—406—407—408—409—410—411—412—413—414—415—416—417—418—419—420—421—422—423—424—425—426—427—428—429—430—431—432—433—434—435—436—437—438—439—440—441—442—443—444—445—446—447—448—449—450—451—452—453—454—455—456—457—458—459—460—461—462—463—464—465—466—467—468—469—470—471—472—473—474—475—476—477—478—479—480—481—482—483—484—485—486—487—488—489—490—491—492—493—494—495—496—497—498—499—500—501—502—503—504—505—506—507—508—509—510—511—512—513—514—515—516—517—518—519—520—521—522—523—524—525—526—527—528—529—530—531—532—533—534—535—536—537—538—539—540—541—542—543—544—545—546—547—548—549—550—551—552—553—554—555—556—557—558—559—560—561—562—563—564—565—566—567—568—569—570—571—572—573—574—575—576—577—578—579—580—581—582—583—584—585—586—587—588—589—590—591—592—593—594—595—596—597—598—599—600—601—602—603—604—605—606—607—608—609—610—611—612—613—614—615—616—617—618—619—620—621—622—623—624—625—626—627—628—629—630—631—632—633—634—635—636—637—638—639—640—641—642—643—644—645—646—647—648—649—650—651—652—653—654—655—656—657—658—659—660—661—662—663—664—665—666—667—668—669—670—671—672—673—674—675—676—677—678—679—680—681—682—683—684—685—686—687—688—689—690—691—692—693—694—695—696—697—698—699—700—701—702—703—704—705—706—707—708—709—710—711—712—713—714—715—716—717—718—719—720—721—722—723—724—725—726—727—728—729—730—731—732—733—734—735—736—737—738—739—740—741—742—743—744—745—746—747—748—749—750—751—752—753—754—755—756—757—758—759—760—761—762—763—764—765—766—767—768—769—770—771—772—773—774—775—776—777—778—779—780—781—782—783—784—785—786—787—788—789—790—791—792—793—794—795—796—797—798—799—800—801—802—803—804—805—806—807—808—809—810—811—812—813—814—815—816—817—818—819—820—821—822—823—824—825—826—827—828—829—830—831—832—833—834—835—836—837—838—839—840—841—842—843—844—845—846—847—848—849—850—851—852—853—854—855—856—857—858—859—860—861—862—863—864—865—866—867—868—869—870—871—872—873—874—875—876—877—878—879—880—881—882—883—884—885—886—887—888—889—890—891—892—893—894—895—896—897—898—899—900—901—902—903—904—905—906—907—908—909—910—911—912—913—914—915—916—917—918—919—920—921—922—923—924—925—926—927—928—929—930—931—932—933—934—935—936—937—938—939—940—941—942—943—944—945—946—947—948—949—950—951—952—953—954—955—956—957—958—959—960—961—9